

PHILLIPPIA;
—OR—
WOMAN'S QUESTION.

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H. M. G. GUTLER.

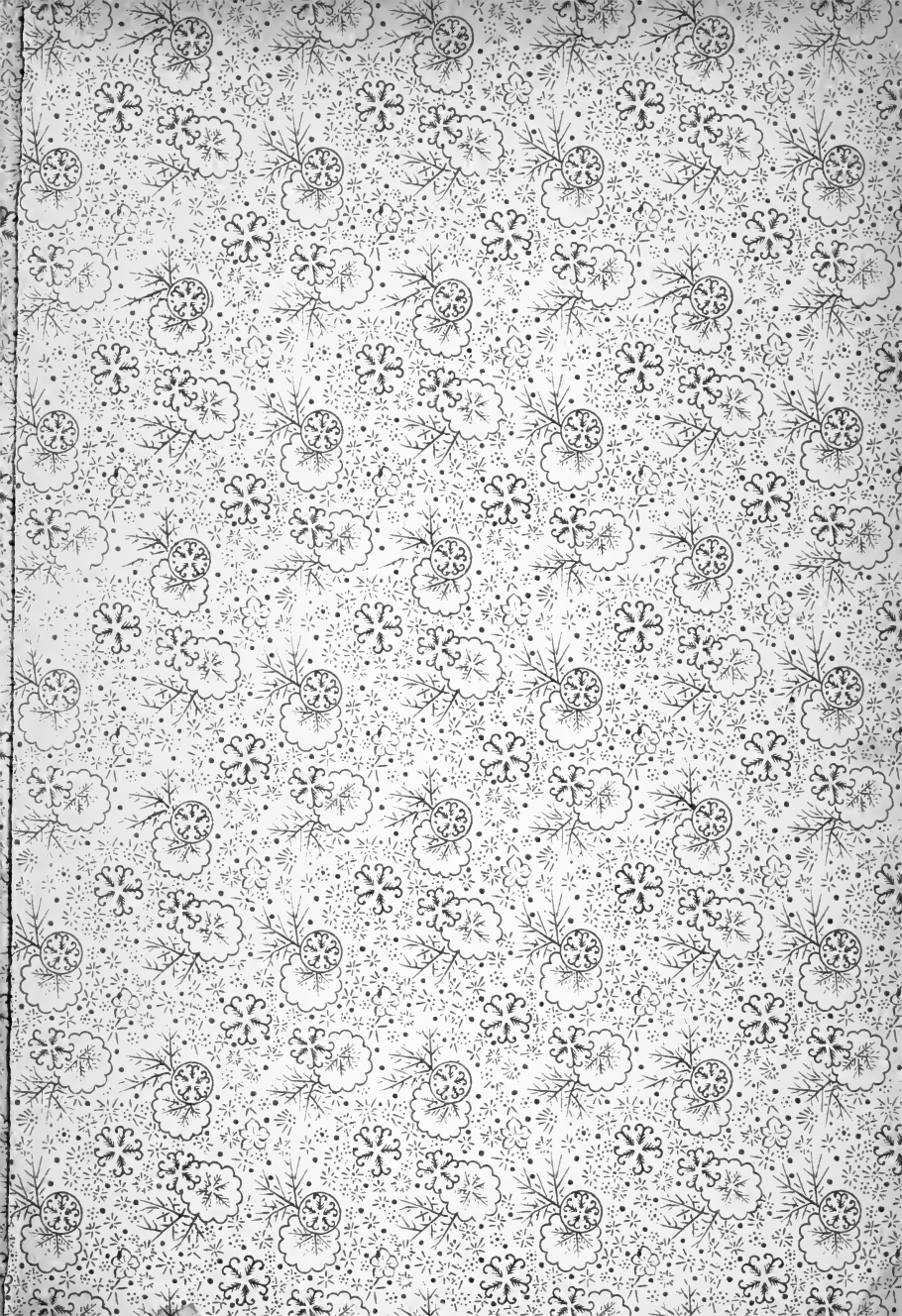
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PHILLIPPIA, A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

By MRS. H. M. TRACY CUTLER, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "ONE OF SIXTY THOUSAND."

"I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day; or a storm so furious and dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky."—JOHN BROWN.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

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Dedication.

To my mother, who has lived under every administration of our Government, and who has labored in every good cause for the advancement of human well being, this little volume is affectionately dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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PHILLIPPIA, A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

CHAPTER I.

LETTER FROM REV. HORACE WALWORTH TO EDWARD LANGDON.

AUBURNDELL, ILL., *April* 1st, 1858.

My Dear Ned:

You will remember our compact when we roomed together our last year in Oberlin; and now I am prepared, on my part, for that confidence we used to anticipate.

A month ago I was married to the woman who fulfils my highest ideal of a wedded companion, and yesterday we took possession of our new home, and in my study, the first letter I write, is to you my unbelieving "Thomas," to assure you that my fondest dream has become a living reality.

To fill my cup of blessings to the brim, I had received and accepted a call to become pastor of a prosperous Presbyterian Church, in this somewhat wealthy and thriving community.

You know I always preferred the Presbyterian Church to the Congregational, and this first settlement is quite to my mind.

But it is of my wedded felicity I am to write, at this present time, all other matters can wait.

You may remember the journey I took East directly after graduating from my Theological course. It was while visiting some old friends in a little mountain town called Rockland, that I first met my Phillipia. Her mother was a widow with two charming daughters, the eldest my lovely mountain rose, the other a sweet lily of the valley named Lily, as she deserved to be, for her exceeding delicacy.

The mother is a lady of rare character, showing unmistakable signs of fine birth and breeding. I do not fail to prize these qualities in my mother-in-law, for, say what we will, blood tells, and our families will illustrate the laws of hereditary descent as the qualities of their ancestors reappear in succeeding generations.

It is true that I can trace "no long descent," but all the more reason why I should secure ancestry on the mother's side for my descendants, should Providence bless us with a family. The mother of my wife, Mrs. Menloe, and her daughters were leading members of the Church in Rockland, where I preached a few Sundays, which gave me a most favorable opportunity. Mine was not simply love at first sight, but love at first sound, for my Phillipia was soloist, as the choir greeted me with a voluntary, and the pure sweet tones of her voice thrilled me through every chord of my being. When I ascended the pulpit, and turned to regard the audience, I saw in the choir a grandly beautiful woman, with a face that Raphael might have chosen for a Madonna.

The outline was a perfect oval, and the features were modeled as by the finest Grecian art, so harmonious was the whole contour. I could scarcely withhold my eyes from their matchless symmetry, till she raised her own, and encountered my gaze. Then, the "rich, rare crimson" mantled her face, and again she looked down, the alabaster lids shielding her dark eyes with a tender curtaining. Her hair, of a rich golden brown, lay in waves over her forehead, and escaped in careless curls about her ears and neck. Her dress was of some soft blue fabric, delicate as gossamer, her hat, a white chip trimmed with pale forget-me-nots.

It was fortunate for me that I had not that day decided to depend on a skeleton sermon, but had taken one written out fully, even to "My dear hearers." You know that whatever defects I may have in my mental make-up, I have some physical advantages of which I need not be ashamed; and my voice has a power of pathos which even you used to declare enviable. I therefore stood up my manliest in the desk, and threw my whole power of fervid expression into my voice, as I led in prayer, and read the opening lesson and hymn. I felt that I should succeed, and that is half the battle.

As good fortune would have it, there was, in the congregation, an elder from the Church in Auburndell who was in quest of a pastor, and my success on that eventful morning, secured me not only the most admirable of wives, but also, ultimately, the call to this promising field of usefulness.

An introduction to all the best families followed, as a matter of course, and necessarily included Mrs. Menloe and her beautiful daughters. They had a tasteful home in a lovely valley, that

followed the windings of a little river, which was sufficiently large to run several mills, on which the prosperity of the place depends. Mr. Menloe was in his life time part owner of one of these mills, and his wife, by his will, now controls the share, and disposes of the comfortable income as she pleases. This is not large, but quite sufficient to render them comfortable, and to have enabled the daughters to attend the Mt. Holyoke Seminary, a school that has blest the world with far lovelier women than Oberlin, in my estimation, from the fact that the girls are not accustomed to a sort of mental rivalry with men.

You know that I never approved of this feature of Oberlin, and said that the tender reverence of women for men, was likely to receive a fatal shock, when they saw themselves quite able to compete with us, both in Greek and Hebrew, and even in mathematics. That they will forget, or boldly set aside the injunction of the great Apostle, seems to me only a natural, I may say, inevitable result, of this too often successful competition.

In fact, I do not wonder that A. B., and L. M., are insisting on studying for the ministry, and I will confess that their mastery of Metaphysics and Theology sometimes made me shudder. Think of living with a woman, and preaching before her fifty-two Sabbaths in the year, when you knew, and she is only too painfully conscious, that she could write a better sermon than yourself, and could read it with far more impressiveness.

No, I thank you; I did not choose a wife who had read me through a hundred times, but one softly feminine, whose highest joy is to do my pleasure, who, like Milton's Eve, constantly whispers, "God is thy love—thou mine." But my beloved Phillippa while delicately nurtured, and well educated, according to a true and proper standard of feminine loveliness, is not too profound or exact, and will even give me the rare pleasure of sometimes criticising her expressions, and holding her in a kind of gentle subjection to my own higher culture and broader opinions. This I have ever believed the true foundation of domestic happiness, the wife held in loving subjection to the husband.

Such a lovely, clinging nature as my wife evinces, would, I am sure, thaw out the wintry prejudices of even your frosty heart. Vine like, twining her beautiful, confiding nature round mine, she seems but to live in the light of my countenance, and to breathe in the sweet atmosphere of my love.

Our little home, the wedding gift of her mother, is really

charming, and there is only one thing to regret in all this. By some freak, I scarcely know what, the friend who purchased it for Mrs. Menloe, had it deeded to Phillippia, possibly because it was secured before our marriage; but it is always a little awkward for a man to feel that the home is not his own. But this is better than not having a pleasant shelter, and Phillippia is so sorry for the inadvertence, that I cannot complain, while the best corner is set apart for an elegant lounging chair for her husband, and his dressing gown and slippers will be sure to be in place for the evening.

I will not say, "pardon this wearisome epistle," for it is in fulfilment of a well remembered compact, and I trust to receive one equally voluminous in return.

Your affectionate chum,

HORACE WALWORTH.

After the production of this epistle, the writer wended his way down stairs, encountering some of the disorder incident to the settling of a new home. The delicate fingers of his wife were ineffectually struggling to stretch the new three-ply carpet to its place, with the inefficient aid of a small colored girl. She raised her eyes imploringly as he entered, and begged that he would kindly assist her for a little, as she was quite unused to such tasks; but he said he was just now so fully occupied, that he would much prefer to order a neighboring colored woman to come in and assist. And so he went out for a refreshing walk, leaving a kiss on her lips, but saying to himself, "It will never do for Phillippia to imagine that I can help her about household matters. If I once suffer myself to be tied to her apron strings there will be a letting down of all family dignity." So he called on Aunt Marty, a good natured crone, and she went over to help the "Mistis," as she called Mrs. Walworth, and it was hard to say whether she helped or hindered most.

But at last the carpet was laid, and when the Rev. Horace returned, he found the comfortable chair in the best corner, the dressing-gown on its tempting arms, the tea table spread with dainty linen and beautiful china, and an appetizing meal await-

ing his approval. His wife looked flushed and tired, but he warmly commended her rosy cheeks, and declared that woman never looked so lovely as in the performance of housewifely duties, the sphere that God had so wisely assigned her.

Phillipia was comforted by this generous appreciation, and almost forgot the smart of her fingers, and the weariness of her shoulders, and smiled back at his ready approval as kindly as though he had used his strong fingers, and bent his broad shoulders to the task. Though but little accustomed to household labor, she had always lived in a well-ordered home, and nothing short of the same well-appointed surroundings could fully satisfy her ambition. Her husband encouraged her to feel that anything short of this would be unbecoming his position as a minister.

Thus, all the first months of her married life were spent in a struggle to attain to such perfection of housekeeping as should meet the perfect approval of her husband, and secure their home against the criticism of more experienced neighbors.

"The minister's wife should do honor to his station," was a favorite apothegm of the Rev. Horace Walworth, and bravely did his trusting helpmeet endeavor to attain to this high eminence.

Then there was a demand for the organization of the Mite Society, and the Missionary Aid Society, and the Prayer Meetings must be attended weekly, and Mrs. Walworth must assist at all the musical rehearsals, and take a leading part in the choir. She could not be absent from a single service, without seeming to disarrange some plan.

Now, as her little colored handmaiden could neither cook, nor sweep, nor dust, successfully, and was hardly to be trusted to wash dishes, and as competent help was not easily obtained, all the responsible work fell to her unused hands.

She must punctually return all calls; she must entertain no end of company; she must always be prompt at the call of duty,

whether to visit the sick, or to succor the needy. And above all, she must neglect no religious service, and must be prepared to instruct a class of young ladies in the Sunday School.

One cannot wonder if occasionally it seemed to her that her hands were more than full. Yet she would not complain, lest she should come short of the approval of her almost idolized husband.

He, however, did not fail to groan over the task of preparing for the Sunday morning sermon and the evening talk, and called for a great amount of sympathy from his worshipful wife. His overtaxed brain demanded frequent relaxation in the shape of morning walks or horseback rides. Sometimes, after tea, Phillipia found time to dress according to his approval, and ride with him along the beautiful banks of the river near their home, or out over the undulating prairie, so tender in its fresh greenness, dappled with pale spring flowers.

This freshness and beauty of nature was a delightful inspiration to the fair young bride, who often broke out singing,

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green."

If her pleasant words, and keen appreciation of natural beauty furnished her husband some of the finest similes which charmed his congregation, he was careful not to thank her, or too greatly to encourage any freedom of expression, lest she should presume on the liberty this might imply to criticise his productions.

"What a beautiful couple!" was the involuntary praise of their new friends and neighbors, "and so perfectly happy in their marriage relations!"

"That Mistis Phillipia is just a singin' angel an' orter hab a harp ob gole," Aunt Marty used to say, as she stopped to listen when Phillipia played on the piano and sang of an evening; and many a weary, care-burdened heart acknowledged the irresistible charm.

Thus, seemingly without spot or flaw, began the married

life of the Rev. Horace Walworth and his beautiful and loving wife.

That his views were sound on the question of woman's education, seems quite verified by the modern thinkers of his school. At a reunion of Yale Alumni at Worcester the following sentiments were expressed. We quote from a Worcester daily of April 29th, 1884:

"Mr. F. E. Kernochan, the retiring president of the association, brought the discussion back to co-education at Yale. He did not believe the average woman needed or had a right to the same education as the average man. He did not believe that the average woman wanted such an education, or that society called for it. The great result of a course at Yale was the forming of a manly character, and such was not wanted in a woman."

Previous to this profound statement, cigars had been lighted, and Prof. Kent had been called to express his opinion on co-education.

CHAPTER II.

The confidential epistle of the Rev. Horace Walworth reached his former chum, Edward Langdon, on a rainy spring morning, which he had set apart for a review of the *Odyssey*; for he loved his Greek with an undying love, and he had promised his former pupil and present correspondent, Annette Wilson, to write out for her some critical notes, during his vacation.

It had been necessary to teach in order to pay his college tuition. He had managed to work out his board at the carpenter's bench, during his years of college life, but he had been compelled to borrow money for tuition and books, so that he had a small debt to liquidate before he counted himself a free man; for it was his motto: "No man is free while his conscience is burdened with debt."

During his college days he had become most intimately acquainted with Walworth, as they had chanced to room together for a year or two. But he had hardly called him friend in any other sense than their intimacy compelled by their propinquity. There was a quality of egotism that was extremely disgusting to Langdon's quick sense of propriety, a consciousness of admiration that was almost childish.

Then he was given to speculating upon the character of the woman he felt sure that he should marry, a matter that to Langdon's finer nature seemed indelicate, for even to speak of one's ideal seemed to him out of taste. The promise of confidence had been all on Walworth's side, and he had supposed it would be forgotten as soon as made.

Langdon could not have spoken as Walworth did, of the dream wife that should some day grace his home, as a living reality. As yet he had none; save that sacred center of his boyhood's joys, his widowed mother's humble abode; but he felt that the future held some hallowed spot pre-empted, where he and his ideal should walk lovingly, hand in hand, neither "equal nor unequal," but one, even as the two cells of the heart are one, "beating to one full stroke, life."

The egotist in Walworth's composition was offensive to Langdon's finer nature, but there was such a superfluity of animal life, such beauty of form, and such charm of voice, that he was half disposed to accept him as a genuine man, to renounce his contempt, and accord him the admiration he so naturally demanded. He had never doubted that he would captivate some charming woman and bind her a willing slave to his will. He remembered how Walworth had often winced at the fact that some of the ladies in his classes quite surpassed him in thoroughness, and had almost angrily declared that such unlovely women would never be fit for wives.

As he read the epistle, he smiled at the self-satisfaction so unblushingly expressed, and seating himself at his writing table, he spread out a sheet of foolscap, as peculiarly appropriate, and

with a feeling of grim humor commenced his congratulatory reply.

ROCK RIVER VALLEY, *April 3d, 1858.*

Rev. H. Walworth:

DEAR FRIEND: Accept my congratulations for all the good the gods have vouchsafed you, especially that you have a wife so gracefully endowed. A good home, well furnished, the best corner appropriated to your especial use, a worshipful congregation, and doubtless a fair salary, may well enable you to accept with patient, though somewhat melancholy grace, the fact that your wife holds the title deed to the home. But you know she cannot alienate it without your consent; while, as a balance of power, should she die, and leave you her disconsolate widower, you have the right of "tenant by the courtesy," so that you will not be turned out shelterless even by your children, upon an unfeeling world, during the remainder of your life. I have often thought gratefully of the tenderness of the law toward widowers, in not turning them out of the home the wife has provided for them, or of taking from them any of the household comforts that have been accumulated. It is true that Kansas, it is said, has been guilty of passing some foolish laws, presumed to be at the instigation of a woman who intermeddled somewhat in the constitutional convention, which give to the married woman certain privileges, that must seem, to such wise men as you, perfectly absurd. But do not be cast down by this, my dear chum. The men are still the law makers, and all power is in their hands. They can unmake, as well as make laws, and if it shall become apparent that there are injudicious laws that interfere with the complete unity of the relation in which husband and wife are both one, and that one the husband, such injustice to themselves can be easily and speedily remedied.

The experience of my widowed mother when I was a young boy, has often led me to feel how generous men ought to be towards their own possible widowed condition. I recall the sale of a portion of the furniture, thought to be too luxurious for the family of the widow; the disposal of the spare bed, because at that time only one bed was allowed for every two members of the family; the sacrifice of growing stock, that might have been most advantageously kept, and most trying of all, the sale of the library, (a somewhat choice one), all but the family Bible. To my mother, who was, possibly, foolishly fond of reading history

and travels, and similar books, unprofitable to a widow, this was more trying than the sale of her best carpet and spare bed. You see, she had the absurd idea that she could almost prepare my brother and myself for college, and so keep us with her a year or two longer. Our guardian thought it a foolish plan; but women you know, are apt to be foolish, especially about their boys, and she so far carried her point that it took us only one term in the preparatory course, and you may remember, I came out first in history and mathematics, in which, low be it spoken, my mother had mostly instructed me. But, as the old cornet said, "Discipline must be maintained." I do not suppose you would ever be guilty of the folly of mentioning that your maiden sister, by her skill as a tailoress, not only furnished you clothes, but paid your tuition and board through college. No, this is a favor we graciously bestow on such good faithful souls, and our success in life is all the reward they ought to desire.

Now, as to that lovely lady, whose graceful, vine-like nature is so in accordance with your dreams, I trust that she may have a living oak to cling to, and that she may never find her shining foliage shielding rottenness and death. If a man desires this constant dream of beauty, he must demand of himself manliness and strength.

For myself, I should prefer a companion whom I would meet on equal ground. Should I marry a wife and have a study, I should want her to come in and read Greek and Latin with me sometimes, and a spice of Hebrew would not at all spoil my digestion. I have been so accustomed to consider my mother in the light of an intellectual equal that a wife whom I could impose upon by my shallowness, would inspire me with a sort of pitying contempt. I shall not ask wealth or beauty, but a good mind wisely cultivated, and a moral nature that will never worship in me that which is meretricious or unworthy.

In the meantime, I am not disposed to be sparing of my congratulations, and I feel sure that should I know your charming wife, I should find in her all the womanly graces that you see, besides a latent capacity to keep step with you in intellectual and moral growth. And so I say to you, be a living oak, that this beautiful vine may never trail its glossy foliage in the dust; and for all my old and present frostiness of speech and manner, believe me still,

Your faithful chum and well wisher,

EDWARD LANGDON.

This epistle, which had somewhat stirred up the latent cynicism in Langdon's nature, turned him aside from his original purpose, and his critical notes on the *Odyssey* were for the moment superseded by a singular letter to Nettie. It was rather a parable of the oak and the vine, which ran as follows:

ROCK RIVER VALLEY, *April 4, 1858.*

My Dear Nettie:

You will expect a critical dissertation on the *Odyssey* which I promised you in my last, but a letter from an old college chum has rendered this quite improbable for this morning. He has recently married, and is so full of the oak and vine theory that I cannot shake off my disturbance till I have more fully discussed it. Let us suppose a strong young oak, growing up in a forest, and looking forward to the dignity of a mighty monarch. Now, this oak is by nature fond of companionship, and he feels that he ought to make choice of some green growing thing, into whose sympathies he can enter, and who shall be to him a second self, and by whom his own grand nature may ultimately be perpetuated through countless ages. He sees growing near him, a young sapling of his own species, whose boughs wave to him in the same breeze that moves his own, which seems to speak the same language, and to give an intelligent reply to his every thought.

But the oak is proud of his superiority, and he says in the pride of his oakhood, "No, it will never do for me to contemplate such an alliance. This oak is too nearly my equal. Any little accident may give it the advantage, and before I know it, I shall be excelled in grace and strength. But this little vine at my feet will be proud to depend on my strength, and her delicate tendrils will cling to my bark and entold me humbly and lovingly, climbing as I grow, and adding to my beauty and honor among all the trees of the wood."

So the oak courted the vine, and the vine felt honored and accepted the oak, and began to put out soft tendrils, and to cling and grow upward, and at last she sheathed the forest monarch with her bright green foliage, till it shut out the sun and wind from his trunk and even burdened his branches. The oak soon ceased to grow; rottenness seized upon his heart, and before he was well aware of his own weakness, a wind overthrew him, and oak and vine lay prostrate in the forest. The rotten-hearted oak crum-

bled to dust, and the vine, poor thing, tried vainly to cover and make still green and beautiful her prostrate idol. And thus, they found, in the end, that the vine had smothered the oak, and the oak had crushed the vine, and both were ruined by their mistake in thinking that God and nature were pleased when things not congenially allied attempted to form a sacred conjugal union.

No, my dear Nettie, no clinging vine for me, to drape me in false beauty, and to destroy my moral nature by shielding it from all just criticism, making me vain and self-confident! If I am an oak, I want the comradeship of my own kind, and if need were, I would take some smart brushings from one who had the power to be my rival, rather than endure the companionship of one who was ready to lie at my feet, a slave. "But I, an eagle, clang an eagle to the sphere." But my wise Penelope can easily read the riddle, and so I turn from this foolish fable, and wishing you good speed in your new studies say my adieu.

Your ever faithful,

E. L.

P. S.—I have eaten my dinner, and got the bad taste out of my mouth, and so half repent me of my fault and will endeavor to give you a few thoughts on the matchless sequel to the Iliad.

This great work of the poor old beggar bard, the Iliad you remember, is based upon the frailty of a woman. She is vain, greedy of wealth and the worldly honors it can purchase, and is thus easily lured away by the seductive graces of Paris. This false step involves two great nations in war, costs the blood of heroes, the destruction of homes, the overthrow of a proud and prosperous nation, and even involves the Gods in quarrels and intrigues that would disgrace the meanest of mortals.

"Such wars the immortals wage,
Such horrors rend the world's vast concave,
When the Gods contend.

It does seem that nothing could so stir up the basest of passions, both among Gods and men, as intrigues that involve some beautiful but vain woman.

Now the Odyssey follows, illustrating the grand power of a true and faithful princess, under the fiercest temptations. Ulysses, through the conflicting powers of the Gods, is not permitted to return to his wife and son, but is tossed upon the raging main, and driven about from shore to shore, betrayed by one, and rescued by another, tempted, courted and all but lost, yet at

last saved; his heroic son, led by Minerva, doing prodigies in the quest for his recovery. How shrewdly the blind old poet reads the varying temptations of man growing out of his vanity, his appetites and passions. And during all this weary endeavor to get back to home and family, to throne and kingdom, his brave Penelope is defending herself against the seductions of a crowd of false princes, whose pretenses of purity are only kept up by the basest intrigues and indulgences with the depraved and servile.

Now these vile aspirants in their rich robes of state, and with the pretense of offering finest homage to virtue, surround this brave princess and besiege her to surrender her hand in marriage, since Ulysses is surely dead. She feels her powerlessness in their hands; but she knows the specious gallantry they boast must be her defense. So she pleads the need of time to make choice among such worthy and honored suitors, and, finally, hits upon a most pious pretext. The old father, who has shown himself worthy the consideration of the immortal Gods, will soon require fitting funeral honors, and before she can make choice of a successor to Ulysses she must weave a royal robe in which to wrap his corse, the good and great Laertes. Now, this was a most ladylike employment, and enabled her to display her matchless skill. The frame was adjusted, the silken wrap laid on, and then the curious woof was inwrought, with many colored shuttles.

One can almost see the group of smooth false villains, as they gather round the pure, clear eyed, shrewd woman, so intent on the wonderful designs of her web, dropping now and then a shuttle, for which all sprawl about the tessellated floor to be first to restore it, that perchance they might touch her milk white fingers, or win a glance of approval from those veiled eyes. But the shuttle must be consigned to the basket, that no advantage could be taken by even accidental show of preference. And when night falls, and the day's restraints are over, how eagerly she throws off all disguise and unravels the web, that they may not force her to any dangerous decision till her own beloved hero shall come again.

The story is itself a marvelous web, and shows that the truly dramatic and philosophic thought existed long before our modern drama. Humanity was full of the same weaknesses, the same powers of regeneration, the same defeats, the same victories as now; only sometimes one feels that the old races, like the mighty

red woods of the western forests, were far more lusty than those of our puny days. Helen was an enchantress, Penelope a tower of ivory, complete in beauty and strength.

To-day, following the old primitive thought, woman may cheat the world to its undoing; or she may lead it by strong true influence to its highest probabilities of goodness and truth. The Circes still hold the wine cup, and men become swinish at their feet. When I think of these things, I cry out in my eager haste: "Awake, put on thy strength, O virgin daughters of Jerusalem!"

Now, my dear Nettie, this is not what I should have written if that oak and vine had not disturbed me. But when you are well versed in the *Odyssey*, tell me if I have misconceived the purpose of the old poet, to show by contrast, the power for evil of a false woman, and the power for good of one strong and true.

As ever yours,

E. L.

This missive reached its destination on a soft April morning, that dawned on the loveliest of western landscapes.

CHAPTER III.

The home of this country maiden was on the shining banks of Rock River that rolls through a valley rich as the Eden of our imagination. The sturdy Pilgrims from New England, like trees stunted in a nursery, when removed to a generous soil, had burgeoned out in stately growths of strength and beauty. Already the first stinted and narrow home of the pioneer had given place to a new and commodious structure, not white and gairish as is the wont of some, but of a soft pearly grey, with white facings and green blinds. Tall poplars, just bursting into bud, with their yellow tinted spikes, stood like sentinels to guard the avenue that led from the highway to the mansion. Around it, and in summer almost hiding it, were the rapidly growing maples, whose red limbs would soon hang out their tiny crimson and yellow branches, ere the coming greenness. These enclosed the hardy fruit trees that would soon unfold their fragrant blossoms, for the spring

was early. At convenient distance stood the barn and other out-buildings, noticeably long cribs full of corn, also guarded by a clump of trees, remains of a little forest of rock maples. While the brother had gone to the near village for the morning mail, Annette Wilson had taken his place at the fire of a little sugar camp, where the last batch of maple syrup was bubbling up and threatening to run over, if not constantly reminded to keep within bounds.

The young girl who had taken upon herself this duty, and stood paddle in hand, is worthy of a passing glance, not that she is strikingly beautiful, but that she is graceful in form, and her movements, even in her homely morning dress, give a sense of refinement, though full of the freedom and unconstraint of her position. In height she is only medium, though quite slender. Her features are moderately beautiful, we see as the crimson hood falls back from her brow, the forehead is clear and high, the hair is straight and combed back and twisted in a Grecian knot, but it is dark as a raven's wing and quite as glossy. Her cast of countenance is rather like that of Minerva than Psyche, and the lustrous grey eyes shine clear and star like. Her complexion is not strikingly fair, but the color that glows through her cheeks with the richness that young blood gives, makes amends for the lack of the lily and the rose so often lauded in women. It was not a face that a foolish man would be likely to admire, but one to which a strong man might turn with unfailing trust. There is nothing inane or petty that would tempt the flatterer to over praise, but a sense of comradeship might grow up between her and any sensible, clear-headed man.

Presently, as the fire a little subsides, she draws a book from under her shawl, and begins to pour over it with deep earnestness, but she is not so lost that the syrup can escape her. You feel that vigilance is a part of her nature, and that she may be safely trusted with any responsibility.

Presently the quick tramp of a horse is heard, and a bright

looking lad, some fourteen years of age rides up, and in the tantalizing way of a roguish boy asks why he was sent on a fool's errand. Yet her quick sense detects the smile lurking round his lips, and she eagerly demands her letter.

"Just as though I had found one there!" he says.

"Yes, just the same, Charley, for you know you have it," she replies.

Then he commences a search through all his pockets, turning them out empty. "Honor bright," he exclaims, "there is no letter there."

"Honor bright!" she returns switching off his crumpled hat with a long willow wand that lay near, and out falls the letter which she seizes and pockets before he can dismount.

"Then pay me the extra postage," he calls out. "I know that school master has cheated his venerable uncle Samuel and you want to make me, what was that you read? accessory after the fact."

But the letter is in her pocket, and he, even in his daring, will not invade that, so he remounts, and trots off to the stable. Soon Netta is released, and goes to her chamber, which overlooks the shining river which is not brighter than her own clear eyes. She lays aside her wraps, adjusts her snow white collar and puts on a white apron; sits down and looks off, seeming for a moment lost in thought. Then she takes the thick letter from her pocket, carefully cuts the envelope, spreads out the sheets and begins to read. As she does so, the rich color mounts to her cheeks. The oak and the vine parable suits her mood. Even as a little child she resented being patronized because she was a girl, and she showed great indignation when told that because Eve had sinned women were obliged to obey men. "But I am not Eve," she would say, "and I didn't eat that bad apple. I must not be punished for what somebody else did. And didn't Adam eat too? What makes him so good if Eve was bad?" She was not disposed

to accept the old doctrine of imputed sin, and turned in disgust from the little primer which declared

"In Adam's fall,
We sinned all."

She felt that every soul must stand or fall, according to its own merits or demerits, and this sentiment had grown with her growth. She asked no favors, only justice as a human being.

She would not be patronized in any sense. And now that she was old enough to teach, she had determined to educate herself, and she was going to have just as good opportunities as her eldest brother, who was already studying a profession, and she would not ask for a cent from any one. She was an omniverous reader with the New England bias towards theological investigation. She was now using her spare time to bring along her studies, so that she should not be obliged to spend more than two years in college, and hence her interest in the *Odyssey*. At first she experienced a shade of disappointment, for she had counted on that critical essay which her former teacher had promised, and in her slow, half blind guessing through the first and second books, she had not yet quite found the clue to the real purpose of the writer, since she had conscientiously refrained from reading a translation. But when she came to the after dinner P. S., she was delighted. Now she should be able to unravel the twists of Greek verbs, and to understand and apply rules hitherto obscure. And then, who so quick to seize upon the intricate and subtle thought involved as her long trusted friend. He had always, even from her early girlhood, when he taught their winter school, before he went to college, treated her as an equal, and had kept up a voluminous correspondence, such as he might have done with her eldest brother. He had never said a word about love, he had never uttered a word of flattery, but still his intellectual confidence had been to her sweeter than any words of praise. It was so good of him to turn to her, from all his comrades, and make her the sharer of his best thoughts.

She read on, with a sweet, tender light in her grey eyes, and a smile of quiet humor on her young lips, and never appropriated the deep meaning that a vain woman would have found in every word.

After reading it carefully for the second time, she returned it to its envelope, and put it away in a little trunk that was well-nigh full of letters from the same hand, and "not a love letter among them all," she had once told her mother, with no small pride.

After safely depositing her treasure she ran down to see what assistance she could render in getting dinner. Finding some custard pies wanted, she laid aside her white apron, and donned a dark print which completely enveloped her from neck to toes. Then she went about her work, carefully measuring the quantity of each ingredient, and showing by her attention, that her reputation as a cook was based upon no guess work.

This done, she prepared to make a cake for tea, talking with her mother about the wonderful property of the albumen of the egg, and as she beat the whites to a standing froth, admiring the action of air in combination. This mother and only daughter were like two students together.

"This is not making something out of nothing, but it is making a good deal out of a little, is it not mother?" she said in her brisk way. "I do wonder how people stand it to do housework, who do not see, in what they are doing something fine and elevating. The chemistry of common cooking is really so wonderful, that it makes it delightful to watch the experiments. See what a change heat makes," she said as she carefully lifted the pies from the oven, baked so that they just curdled, but did not whey, and colored a yellowish brown by the perfect heat. "And now my sponge cake goes in. Please do not disturb it by any sudden movement about the stove, mother, for many a delicate cake is made heavy by a little careless jar, as you know." Her mother only smiled at her patronizing way.

The table was soon set, the order of all as perfect as though guests were expected, and the farmer and his two hired men, with his wife and daughter, sat down, and with a hearty benediction quaintly expressed in good New England phrase, partook of the dainty meal.

This over, Nettie ran out to relieve Charley, and at the same time to review the first book of the Odyssey.

A new light seemed to illumine its pages. Here was the story of a hero, persecuted for his valor. He had put out the one eye of one of the mighty Cyclops, and Neptune was bent on revenge. She wondered if this meant something more deeply spiritual than the mere words of the text expressed. Had he not interfered with some old, hideous, one-eyed prejudice, and thus brought down the wrath of gods and men? And then she fell off into dreams, and saw visions in the coals that blinked in the noonday sun. As she thought, her cogitation took the form of a letter to Ned. No, to Mr. Langdon; "Ned" would be quite too familiar, though he had begged that she would call him so. So her thoughts were all put in order for the letter she should write next week, for she had already formed the habit of thinking with this friend, as though their two minds formed together the true electric circle.

When Charley returned, he said the syrup was quite ready to strain, and he had brought the flannel bag which mother insisted was so much better than linen, though it took so much longer he hated it.

"Indeed," said Netty, "the fibers of the wool catch the impurities, and besides the meshes are closer."

"'Spose so," says Charley. "The flannel is fine and the linen strainer is coarse. That's the way I tell it."

"And yet, that does not quite convey the idea, my boy. Learn to be accurate. Did you know that the fibers of linen are straight and tubular, and that the fibers of wool and cotton are coils, so fine that we do not recognize that they are so arranged?

That is the reason why linen cannot be spun on the same machinery with cotton and wool."

"I say Nett, you are too awfully improving. You're a regular cyclopedia. Let's have a game of ball while the 'lasses is straining."

He wanted to violate some propriety of the English language. Nettie gaily assented, and they had a merry hour together, for she was after all as full of gayety and fun as any other young thing.

That night she began her reply, because her thoughts were fresh and must needs be poured out.

That miserable old Cyclops haunted her and she must get him off her mind. So she hastened with her dishwashing after supper, brought up a pan of potatoes and washed them with a clean brush kept for the purpose, drew on them a covering of cold water, reset the table, and prepared the meat for cooking. When all was done, she handed her father the newspaper, and then went to her own room with a clear conscience.

Putting on a warm study gown which she had learned to use in order to have her evenings unmolested when it was not quite cold enough for a fire, she seated herself at her little study table and began her letter.

MAPLE GROVE, *April 6th*, 1858.

My Dear Mr. Langdon.—Now you will say that is stiff and put on, so I will say Dear Old Teacher.

Your parable came duly, and was indeed most edifying and quite to my mind. I never did feel flattered with the oak and vine theory. The idea of trailing yourself all round and about, and hanging and cringing and clinging to somebody else, seems to me humiliating, not to say degrading. To feel that you are taking more than you can give, seems to imply a sort of intellectual mendicancy. If I receive, I also desire to give in return, and when one is so weak and vine like, as you say, one will only suffocate a friend by graceful and beautiful clinging. Not that we can always repay in kind, or even in degree, but there must be the quality of selfhood, to make our offerings

valuable. Now I know that my letters cannot be half as valuable to you as yours are to me, but I hope I do not so demand them by my weakness that you feel constrained to write. If I thought so, I should say, not any more, my friend, till I can pay my debts. No, I prefer your idea of equality of aim, if not of achievement. I like the ring of that quotation

“The dove may murmur of the dove, but I,
An eagle, clang an eagle, to the sphere.”

Now I have been reviewing the first book of the *Odyssey*, and though my first reading produced little more effect than a jumble of translated words, sadly misplaced, yet with your helpful thought, I got several clear ideas. Among them was the cause of the persecution of Ulysses by Neptune. He had encountered Polyphemus, one of the great one-eyed Cyclops, and had put out his one eye, leaving him still his great strength, but stone blind. Blind, brute force is most fearful, and when it is directed by old Superstition, most destructive. Is not that the meaning? Had the wise Ulysses, in some shrewd introspection, seen how this one-eyed monster was doing prodigies of evil, and so put out his other eye that he might henceforth grope in darkness, instead of seeing just enough to do the greatest amount of harm?

I think you once said to me that a training that quickens the mere intellect without the moral nature, might be a sort of one-eyed Cyclops, and that total blindness would be better for the world. I did not then quite comprehend your meaning, but I see it now. I suppose we may be out of our depths in trying to find the real significance of many of the old myths, but I confess to a great curiosity to comprehend the meaning of the ancient mythologies. They show such crude ideas of a One Supreme power. And yet, sometimes one is led to think we are but little wiser. Our notions of God, and of what should be regarded as His providence, are so crude that I wonder we dare attempt to impose our own notions upon others. And yet, all the religious wars of Christendom have been waged, to compel others to accept our dogmas. Think how fiercely Philip of Spain, sought to force on the world the tenets and practices of Rome. I have been reading the history of late. How Leicester wrought the destruction of John, of olden Bamaveldt, because he was not a Presbyter, but believed in giving religious freedom to all. And then the history of the Puritan warfare in England! What a

dark book of history it unfolds! You know I was deep in that when I last saw you. How shrewdly Queen Elizabeth escaped the meshes of her inquisitors who came to her with their questions about the doctrine of transubstantiation.

“Our Lord took bread and brake it,
And what His word doth make it
That I believe and take it.”

Are not many of these old theologians one-eyed Polyhemes? Do not think me skeptical, for like Queen Bess I am ready to say,

“What his word doth make it (truth)
That I believe and take.”

As to your suggestion about the contrasted intent of the Iliad and Odyssey, I very much like it, and I recognize the fact that another great work of antiquity, though it is not arranged with such pure dramatic intent, still carries out the same great thought. Woman is the primal cause of evil in the one case, and of return to rectitude and salvation in the other. I used to hate the old story of Eve and the serpent. Eve was said to be the mother of all living, and the first in transgression. Mary the mother of the one who of all others offered himself a sacrifice for the world's redemption, and, therefore, first in obedience. I think I am getting better reconciled to this doctrine now. But I wonder that Protestant theology has so strangely failed to comprehend this last thought. I am little more than a child, but you know our opinions are not rebuked, that “Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings praise is perfected.” The Greek epic deals with more common forms of illustration; the divine tragedy with more spiritual, but in the end grander conditions. And how the imagery is set forth, a beautiful garden, on a sweet spring morning, (I must think it spring, when our first parents set up their humble housekeeping) all aglow with beauty and enlivened with song, every day bringing a new delight till the bright but too tempting fruit becomes ripe, and the over confiding woman was induced to eat and then offer it to her companion. (Was it a greater wrong than to have offered some bread?) But he eats, for his beloved offers it. Then the long exile, the dreary outside world, the terrible murder by the elder son, the outcast life, the inexpressible agony of the erring mother, the world lost in wretchedness and darkness with few gleams of light, ages rolling on ages, like a turbid flood. Then the pure lamp kindled in the temple, the tender virgin Mary,

who obeys the Heavenly vision. And from that one life, so brought from Heaven to earth, the great thought has grown that self-sacrifice is the way that leads back to the gates of Eden, and recreates the world. This old story, a portion of it older than the Iliad and the Odyssey, you see, is full of the same thought, not of the insignificance and inferiority of women, but of her transcendent power for good, or evil; but all the one-eyed prejudices have fought against it since history began. They see her power for evil, but not her equal power for good.

Pardon my strange ranting, my kind teacher, and accept my grateful acknowledgement both for your parable and your delightful dissertation.

Your friend and pupil,

NETTIE WILSON.

After this writing, somewhat in the spirit of a Sophomore, followed a refreshing night's sleep, and at dawn of day, her clear eyes opened to its duties, she sprang cheerfully from her bed, and carefully dressed her hair; then, arrayed in her neat print dress and apron, descended to the kitchen to prepare the morning meal, while her mother went into the dairy. The perfect system and nice division of labor in the household seemed to render work a pleasure, and to give a great deal of leisure for study and recreation.

Neighbors often wondered how the Wilsons could afford so many nice things about the house. The napkins had embroidered letters in the corners, work done while Nettie was waiting for the men to come to dinner. The parlor had divers ornaments of applique work that looked like costly embroideries, all accomplished at odd moments, and too cheap to be called an extravagance even in a frugal farmer's home. Mrs. Wilson had from her early married life insisted on having a small allowance that she could use without accounting for it, and this had enabled her to keep up the appearance of things without worry or wrangle. She had often seen women humiliated by having to beg and explain, and stint and strive for little things, and she had determined never to marry till she could have this concession made to her

judgment in small matters. Some had said it was a foolish, almost an unnatural thing for the woman to have a separate purse and that it showed a want of family union, but she used to remark, "I find it usually falls out that where there is one purse, it is apt to be in the husband's pocket when the wife needs it, and I prefer to know my own resources."

This experiment had worked so well that others began to copy it, and there had grown up a comfortable spirit of independence among their special friends. Some of the wise ones feared this might lead to dangerous social consequences and occasionally a good deacon or an aged local preacher inquired of Mr. Wilson if it didn't make discord in the family to have the woman so independent. He used to answer, "Spell the word with an a. It makes *accord*, not *discord*. I do not want my wife to ask me for a dollar, when she wants a new five cent calico. If she is fit to be my wife, she is fit to be trusted with a share of her own earnings, I should hope. And if she is fit to be the mother of my children, I shall let her use her own good judgment about the home they are to grow in, and the garments they wear. I never heard an old robin find fault with his mate about the lining of the nest."

CHAPTER IV.

Great apparent success followed the labors of the Rev. Horace Walworth, and he held a warm place in many hearts. He was such a splendid looking man in the pulpit, and his voice was so melodious, that it repaid one's efforts in going to church, to hear him read the morning lesson, and the hymns of the opening exercises. Some old stubborn critics, like the people who think hard bread better than soft, and prefer crust to crumbs, sometimes ventured to say that there was a lack of real soundness and body to his sermons, but the majority felt them altogether above criticism. As the fall drew on, and the evenings

began to lengthen he proposed a series of revival meetings, and with customary consideration for himself, suggested that an Evangelist should be called in to aid in his arduous labors. This was readily assented to, and a famous revivalist was called from the East. His fiery zeal seemed harsh and crude by the side of the pastor, whose popularity daily increased. He knew so well how to comfort the soul grown sin sick!

Now this was not all a stroke of strategy, unless it belonged to that unconscious cerebration of which philosophers speak. He fully believed in himself, and recognized that a great deal was due to his especial merits, and he evidently felt that the Lord also recognized his worthiness.

In the meantime, his faithful and admiring wife struggled with the duties of her new position. She undertook labors to which she had never been accustomed, with the true spirit of a martyr. The washer-woman who came once in two weeks, proved to be a very poor ironer. Now, a badly laundered shirt-bosom was not to be endured by this much admired clergyman. It was vulgar. It was wanting in fitness. And, as no almond-eyed celestial was at hand to give the desired gloss, his wife must learn to do it with her own unused hands.

O what weary struggles many a young minister's wife has undergone over the ironing board! Nothing is so stubborn and refractory as the clerical shirt front, and should there be "spot or wrinkle, or any such thing" upon it, every woman in the congregation will look with pitying eyes upon that poor unfortunate minister. Poor Phillippia shed many tears, not only over her own conscious failures, but over the ill-suppressed annoyance of her husband. He was so humiliated, she felt, that she could not be penitent enough. She was not very strong, and the heat of the summer had added greatly to her discomfort. Then, too, she wanted to lay her head on her mother's bosom, and tell her all her new hopes and fears. She wanted also to show her how grand a man her dear Horace was, and how far short she came of

being worthy of her great honor in being his wife. But her mother had to stay at home and care for Lily. She had been suffering from fever, and its effects were still to be guarded against.

Horace had little time for sympathy. Phillipia felt that she must not tax him when he was so overtasked with his revival work, which seemed so important. He sometimes indulged in expressions of regret that she should, just at this special time, be absent so much from the choir, and she often made almost super-human efforts to attend evening meetings that this disappointment might not weigh too heavily upon him.

None but God can know the weary days of the young wife, soon to become a joyful mother. The young husband, in the fullness of his strength and absorbed in his usual affairs, so often unwittingly hurts, past endurance, the super-sensitive wife, who, for the sake of his love, bears so much anguish, and naturally expects of him the most attentive care and the greatest tenderness.

Phillipia had felt that it would be a joy and an honor to become the mother of his children. She had so idealized his character, had so gloated over his high moral nature, as she saw him, that she felt that his children must surely ennoble humanity; and the almost indifferent manner in which he seemed to regard this honor was hard to bear.

Was it that he had found her wanting in the capacity to do and bear what a wife should? Was she hindering him by childish dependence and want of real capacity for companionship? She tried always to listen and comprehend, but he frequently intimated that her speech was without sound reason, and she ought to be careful not to expose her ignorance by speaking of things about which she knew so little. How wise was the injunction to wives to ask their husbands at home!

To this she would reply with the deepest humility, "I told you, dear, before you took me for better or for worse, that you would find me unfit for your companionship, that I should often

seem to you but a silly child, and I feared I should be a clog to you, dragging you down from your high ideals to my puny reals. But, dear, have patience with me now, and by and by I shall have more strength."

To which Horace would reply, "My own dear love, you know I said that I did not admire ladies who affected to be men. I preferred you with just your tender clinging nature, and I do. Who would wish his wife to be as wise as himself? All the trouble is, you do not quite comprehend the humility God has so beautifully intended for women and sometimes, I fear, rebel in your heart against it. He made man to be the head over this world, and woman to be in subjection to her husband."

"I know it, dear, but sometimes I fear I do not make your true ideal wife, which I so earnestly strive to do. It often seems to me that our feeble natures ought to be better disciplined, more wisely cultivated, that we may not fall so far short of being real companions. If our natures are so limited, would it not be wise that we should attain to all that we are capable of reaching, rather than to limit our feeble capacities by imperfect culture?"

This was trenching upon dangerous ground, and her wise husband usually stopped her pretty remonstrances with a kiss. What heart hunger of the wife is not allayed, if not appeased, with a kiss, that tender emblem of perfect love.

"My dear Phillippia, you are all that I hoped, and more. If you were wiser, I should not love you half so well. Never fear that you are not sufficiently educated. I really detest those manish women who study Latin and Greek, and even Hebrew. Next we know some woman will give us critical readings of the Bible, from the original text. Ludicrous, would it not be?"

"I suppose so," the meek wife would reply, "but I have often almost envied men the power of doing it. Some how it seems getting down to the very roots of truth."

Thus, despite his flattery of ignorance, the young wife was beginning to have some desires for the "forbidden fruit," and he

might yet be led to ask the question, "Ought women to learn the alphabet?"

During the long lonely evenings in which she sat embroidering some dainty trifle, or trying some old tune on the piano, her soul began to thirst for more wisdom. Should not a mother be wise enough to rear her own children? This question led her to take up some of her old studies. She must not forget the little she knew. Her French had been sadly neglected, and she had done less with her Botany than she had intended. When not too weary, she would take a brief lesson, though she felt too feeble for any serious undertaking, but laid her plans for the future. She had a susceptible intellect and a ready memory, and already her shrewd husband had found her little store of history a valuable fund to draw from, instead of being compelled to look over great times for "just this little item" that he wanted to complete his illustrations.

At last the special revival, which had been participated in by Baptists and Methodists, came to an end. The Evangelist was called to new fields, and the harvest was to be garnered. Like the old herdsmen of Abraham and Lot, there was strife, and some recriminations and bitterness. The cooling down of a mass from intense heat, is by no means always accomplished without flaw. The deacons and pastors of the several churches held many consultations, and many schemes were laid to secure the lion's share of the spoils.

But through all, the Rev. Horace Walworth came off victorious. He had the address to keep outwardly calm and generous. He called a special meeting to which he invited all the recent converts, and all the city pastors. The meeting was an overflowing one. He most courteously invited the brethren to assist in the opening exercises, and when these were duly performed he rose in his place and gave a brilliant history of the revival work which had resulted from his prayerful interest in the welfare of human souls. "And," he continued, "these dearly be-

loved brethren have come in and helped forward the work of the Lord, and we will not say they came in at the eleventh hour, but that the Master is generous, and will give to each laborer his penny. Now, my dearly beloved converts, our church will be open next Friday afternoon to all who desire to walk with us in this new and living way. Come with us and we will do you good. I would like to see all who desire to belong to our communion rise to their feet, as it is fair that it should be known that no undue influence has been used to decide your choice."

He waited, and presently the congregation began to move. One after another rose, till fully three-fourths of the new converts were on their feet.

Then he said a few words of sweet encouragement and closed his remarks with a fervent prayer. After this the hymn, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," was sung by the congregation, then he courteously turned towards the other ministering brethren and inquired if they would like to ask those who desired to unite with their several communions to rise. They did not desire this, but one of them rose and exhorted the converts to steadfastness of purpose and soundness of doctrine. It was not wisely done, but the sweet and gracious acquiescence of Mr. Walworth seemed to cover over all flaws, and he went home thoroughly self-satisfied.

The Sabbath following witnessed a great triumph for the new minister. He had the satisfaction of admitting to the communion of his church, about seventy members on profession of faith. He had talked the whole matter over with his sympathizing wife, who had selected the hymns and trained the choir, unfit as she felt for the arduous duty. But she would not come short. She had also selected and read to her husband, while he lay on his study lounge and rested, some of the finest passages from distinguished divines, appropriate to communion service, and the reception of new members, and all unconsciously, her little criticisms opened up some striking veins of thought.

"Please mark those passages, my love," he said, "and if you

would just note down that '*variation*' you suggested, it might help my weary brain when I came to arrange my discourse. What a darling wife you are! There," as she completed her little criticism, "that will do nicely. If I only had a glass of fresh water, I could presently write. When you go down, send Jetty up with a pitcher and glass."

Not long after, the wife came up with the desired pitcher and glass of water, and said Jetty was not in, so she had returned herself. "That is so kind of you," he said. But he did not tell her that she must not tax herself for his convenience when she was so little able to do it.

There are various forms of exaction, and it must be confessed that the Reverend Horace Walworth's methods were mostly amiable. His wife waited on him, because it was her pleasure to do so. She accepted his patronage, because she so fully believed in his superiority.

It was the Christmas Sunday when the great event of receiving the new members occurred. The church had been beautifully decorated by loving hands with graceful mottoes wrought in green, the choir sang in splendid tune, and all conspired to make the day memorable.

Phillippia could not be present. She had awakened with some strange sense of weakness following upon her excessive efforts to aid by her personal suggestions where her hands could not assist, and so Aunt Marty was called in to watch with her during the morning.

Instead of asking anything for herself, she desired only that a comfortable meal should be in readiness for her "dear Horace," who would come home weary and hungry.

"Pears like de wimmins is all out'n one piece," soliloquized Aunt Marty. "My Kesiah was just so. No matter how anything hurted her so her Pomp was all right and had his fill of hoe cake and bacon. An'de selfish igit would eat an' lick his chops, an' turn 'roun to the bed and ax, 'Is you bad, Kesiah?' an' go 'long out an' smoke and lay down and gwine ter sleep."

But she was somewhat reprov'd when the minister came in and went immediately to his wife, and laid his head for a moment on the pillow with her, and told her how he had missed her voice in the choir, and how beautiful the services had been.

Then he came out and had his cosy meal, and after this, retired to his study to rest and be prepared for the evening services. A motherly neighbor, the wife of one of his Elders, came in soon, and finding the poor young wife in tears, and noting her strong efforts to suppress any expression of suffering, proposed to call Mr. Walworth and have the doctor sent for. To this the wife objected, and Aunt Marty was dispatched so that he should not be defrauded of his rest.

"My dear," remonstrated Mrs. Turner, "you will spoil your husband. It aint well to teach him to be selfish at the outset. Never make too light of your own aches and pains if you want men to pity you. I spoilt my man, my sister tells me, by runnin' and waitin' on 'im the first year arter we was married. I never let on ef I felt ever so bad, for fear of its doin' him some harm, and now he lets me wait on him and the boys, and git my own coal and water inter the bargain.

"No, Sister Walworth, you just let on and make all the ado you want ter. It won't hurt folks a mite, and it'll make 'em know that a woman's life has some mighty hard places. I never done it myself for fear of hurtin Turner's feelins, but I'd a sight better than to be the slave I've been. Turner's got rich, and he often boasts how we begun without a cent, only two hundred dollars that I had from my gran pa, and now he has his hundreds of acres, and his hundreds of critters a pasterin on 'em; and when I wanted to send my Mary to the 'cademy, and a'st him for money, he said he guest he knew too well how money came to throw it away on the high education of gals."

Mrs. Turner's autobiography was here interrupted by the arrival of a spruce young M. D., and she concluded by saying, "sometime I'll give you my experience more complete."

After noticing the sudden effect produced on the patient by the doctor's entrance, Mrs. Turner called the young man out and asked him if he would be so kind as to step up stairs and bestow his company on the Rev. Mr. Walworth till she called him down. To this he assented, and the two held a pleasant chat together till tea time, when they descended, looked into the sick room for a moment and took their tea. They were bright and cheerful and the sufferer was glad that her dear husband could be so pleasantly entertained.

Mrs. Turner, meanwhile, carefully noticed the effect of the doctor's presence. "It's a burnin shame that we haint no woman doctor here, Sister Walworth, that is safe to trust with such poor young things as you are, but somehow the good chances mostly come to men. Now, I've had lots of experience, but I never had no eddication, and so maybe you'd rather trust that little tow headed whippersnapper with his whisker-ends all waxt like a shoe thread, than me. I expected the old doctor who would have seemed like a sort of father, but it seem he's had to go way out on the peraer, and won't be home till midnight."

"Tell Horace to come and see me before he goes to meeting," Mrs. Walworth whispered, and the good woman complied.

When he came, she insisted that she felt better, and he should go and take the doctor with him, and Aunt Marty could call if there was any need. And thus, like a soldier who is going to battle, the brave woman made no outcry, even though she thought "perhaps this is the last kiss I shall ever give him."

When these two wise collegians were fairly out of the house, Mrs. Turner took command. She sent for a couple of her trusted neighbors and the nurse, who was but an inexperienced hand, but the best to be had, and thus prepared to help this frail young being down to the gates of death, that a new life might be brought up from its shadows.

Fortunately, "great nature" proved herself the wisest "leech," and when the twain returned from church, the Rev.

Horace was presented with the most wonderful of Christmas gifts, a son, new landed on the shores of mortal life.

The pale, trembling mother, just escaped from what seemed mortal peril, forgot her anguish to watch the new light of fatherhood on his face, and to receive the kisses of tenderness on her own brow. She felt that her happiness would be complete, if only her dear mother and sister could share in her new joy, and kiss and bless the wonderful child.

CHAPTER V.

During the days of slow convalescence, the neighbors, especially the church members, were genuinely kind and thoughtful.

There is a large share of true helpfulness often found among Western women that would surprise their Eastern sisters. Time is of more value, for help is not easily obtained. Everything is to be built anew, and hence there is often more discriminating kindness and more genuine courtesy than one would anticipate. This was shown as much by refraining from intrusion as by the thoughtful preparation of nice dishes that might be difficult of achievement for beginners. The Christmas baby was not so often 'roused from its slumbers as it would have been, had there been a troop of relatives to curiously invade the maternal sanctuary. Good Mrs. Turner often came to see that mother and child were well cared for, and so everything prospered and at the end of a month Phillippia took her accustomed place at the table. Her husband was radiant with delight, and assured her that his coffee had not relished so for an age.

How radiant the pale face became at such praise, and how her heart beat with joy at the sense of being so valued! How carefully she should look after his comfort now! She was sure he must have felt dreadfully neglected during these last few months.

And he? He was very glad that his wife could wait on him

again, and he hoped she was not going to be too foolishly fond of that baby, whose naming seemed to her of more importance than the naming of a continent.

But, at last the baby was named. Phillipia wanted to call him for his father, but to this Horace objected. He had never felt that his parents had done him justice. So the child was christened after her own father, Charles Menloe, but even this did not quite satisfy her foolish love. She so hoped he would be like his father, and it almost pained her to find that he was more like herself.

Horace was not very fond of children, he confessed, and though he noticed the child because it pained the mother so keenly if he did not, yet the finest elements of paternal love were not highly developed. He had not been reared by a refined father, though petted and spoiled by mother and sister. It is hard for a fountain to rise above its source, and there were elements in his nature that needed much and constant support to hold him to his ambitions and aspirations. Would the constant, yielding tenderness of his wife work for good, or evil?

He was certainly fond of her, but was it the self-sacrificing love of Christ for the Church? He did not pause to inquire, for the passage most in his thoughts was, "Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands." That great mystery of self-sacrificing love had been but faintly revealed to him, either in his religious or marital experience. He was ready to accept all, and to accept without thinking of giving in return. And yet, the world credited him with the greatest amount of unselfish devotion, and admired the loving tenderness he gave his wife and child. When he christened the baby, one wintry Sabbath morning, the pale mother standing there in her Madonna-like beauty, his prayer touched all hearts.

One day, shortly after this, when he had been called away to attend a funeral, Mrs. Turner volunteered to stay and keep his wife company.

Mrs. Turner was the wife of a man reputed to be wealthy, and also an elder in the Church. The family were formerly from Pennsylvania, and she was of the old Scottish stock, so often found in the region round about Pittsburg, a sturdy, honest, religious race, hard working and unrefined, yet full of genuine sympathy and ill concealed tenderness.

Her husband had more of education, and less of genuineness, though most people looking at her rough caroty hair now turning grey, her broad shoulders, her great bony hands, and contrasting her strong features, with the sleek well turned face and good complexion of her husband, felt a sort of sympathetic pain for the man.

"If he had only married his equal," some of his neighbors would say, "it would have been so much better for him!" But when they were married, he felt that he had made an advance in life. She was not a beauty, but her complexion was fair, and her hair soft and glossy, while her form was straight and supple. Then she had a legacy from her grandfather that was quite an item to the boy of twenty-one, and she had a good store of beds and bedding such as few girls that he could count, possessed. His family were not of high descent, according to the record, but were poor tenants under an English farmer till they got help to come to America. David was the eldest son, and there was no money to give, or lend. So when he came of age, he got married, and rented some land in Eastern Ohio, and the two went to work. The two hundred dollars from Molly's grandfather was their main stock in trade. With it they bought a cheap team, and the man of whom they rented furnished another.

Molly could plow as well as David, and so, while she got the breakfast, he fed and harnessed the teams, and when breakfast was over she went with him to the field and kept step with him at the plow. When the neighboring horns blew for noon, she went to prepare dinner while he fed the horses, and so they had begun, she taking part with him in the ruder labors of the farm.

When she came into Mrs. Walworth's she had her hands full of such comforts as she fancied her pastor's wife might lack. "Now, here is a roll of butter, Sister Walworth, just new made," said she, "and here is a pot of peach butter that I made last fall, and I thought mebbe it would taste kind 'o new; and here is a pot o'lard that I rendered myself. Now, Turner, he does most all the given, but I said to myself, this is my chance. Wimmin hasn't so muckle chance as men. All the money, somehow drops inter their pockets, and we have to look real mean and stingy. But we don't feel a mite more so than the men do, if we had any chance to show it. So I said to myself, Turner won't never know ef I do give this little mite, not that he would begrudge it if he gin it himself; but he'd look kind o' savage if he found out that I'd give on my own account. And yit, I don't feel that I'm a stealin, any mor'n the slaves do when they sly off a few chickens from Ole Mars. Fact is, Iv'e done my share to git the property, and I can't make it seem right to be looked down on as though I was only a child."

"O, but I am sure, Sister Turner, that he doesn't feel like that. He must surely fully value your labors, and your care of the children."

"Now, Sister Walworth, don't you take it at all amiss if I say you don't know much about that jist yit. It's kind o' honeymoon to you and your man now, but when years and hard luggin of babies, and workin' at all kinds of hard stints has taken off the gloss, it mayn't be quite so nice.

"Maybe it won't sound just honey-sweet to be told that you don't own any of the property, and that you haint no rights to say anything about the children. I wanted our'n to have eddication, but Turner says money is better to help folks along. Now, I see different. I don't like 'a jewel in a swine's snout.' I like ter see things kinder compare. I says ter him, 'Mary would be a lady ef she hed a chance.' The tother gals was kind o' coarse lookin like me, but Mary, she takes arter Turner, and she could

be polished up and not have to take such hard wear as they do, and ef they could help persuade Turner, they would. But laws, he says the gal is quite as likely to marry a good workin sort of a feller as though she could play on the pinner and sing like a seraphin.

"Do you know, Sister Walworth, that she can catch a tune like a mockin' bird? And it does seem a shame that she has had to stay home and milk the cows and feed the pigs, and them lazy boys a lollin round jist like their father."

It must be explained that the Turners had lived three miles out of town till recently. They had now moved quite near.

"When we lived out to the big farm, it used to be like this from one week's end to another, arter corn was laid by. As soon as Turner got up from breakfast he'd say 'I'm goin to town to-day.' He'd go out, saddle his hoss, and off he'd go. Then Bob, as soon as his dad had got out'n hearin, would say, 'Dad's gone, and I'm goin to town to-day.' Then Hank, he'd wait till he seen Bob's horse's heels clatterin' down the rise, and he'd say 'Dad and Bob've gone to town, and I'm goin', so there,' and he'd saddle another hoss and away he'd go; and then Mike, who'd been pickin' his teeth, he'd say, 'well, I'll be bound I aint a going ter stay ter home and the whole kerboodle gone ter town,' and so he'd go, though I'd tell him not to stir a blessed step till he'd fed the critters in the yard and watered 'em, and we had to keep 'em up corn growin' time. But he was out of hearin' like a flash of lightnin. Then I'd look round and find that they hadn't done a single chore only to feed the teams. By middle of forenoon the cattle would be a bawlin' 'round and gittin' so dry and hungry that Mary and me had ter go out and give them their feed, and then pump water till I thought my back and arms would break in tu.

"Well, I declare, I used to git that mad and stirred up, I'd swun to man I'd never give them critters a cock of hay or a pail of water again, and when the boys came streakin' home at night,

I used to vum and declare to goodness gracious that I'd let the whole farm rot afore I'd go a step to feed the critters or carry swill to the pigs. And yit the next day, and the next, it was jist the same story over and over. The old man and the boys went to town, the pigs would begin to squeal, the critters to bawl, the colts to nicker, and even the old tom turkey would go struttin' and goblin' till I could not stand it, and so went out and fed, and watered, and kind o' sympathized with the poor lonesome brutes. But that old goblér did make me kind o' spiteful as he scraped his wings on the ground and strutted 'round so much like Turner when he'd made a good bargain."

"It must have tried your patience, I am sure, Sister Turner," said Phillipia gently, as she pressed her precious baby to her bosom. "What do you suppose your sons were doing in town all these idle days?"

"Doin'? Why, loafing 'round, sitting on nail kegs in stores and whittlin', or kickin' their heels agin the steps of the hotel, or some sich other profitable employment. When I'd say to Turner, 'Now dad, what good do them boys git loafin' 'round in that shape?' he'd say, smoothe as 'ile, 'That's as much as wimmin knows. Why, mother, they're a watchin' 'round ter larn how men do bizziness.'

"Yes, sez I, 'learning how men swig beer, I'll wager.' And that's what mostly troubles me. My old man never gits drunk, but he smells as bad as a beer berrel plugged with tobaccer. And them boys, in my opinion, follers in their dad's tracks. Now, Turner's a Christian man, and a good Elder, and he never swears, and I don't 'low the boys does, but I aint clar what all this may come to.

"Now we've got nearer town, and they have their butcher's shop, and are doin' a big hand of business, but somehow I du wish men was cleaner. I can't feel right to have Mary left to marry some coarse, tobaccer-chawin' man, and have to work as hard as I have, and then be told that she don't arn a cent on't.

"To be sure, if she was to set up a separate bisness, since our laws was 'mended last winter, or have any money fall to her, here in Illinois if she is only sharp enough to always keep it in her own hands, she can call it her own. But as shure as she lets her good man handle it, the law says she has gin it to him; but bless you, it never lets him give anything to her so that he can't take it away, and do you bear it in mind, Sister Walworth."

"I am sure I shall never have any cause to think of any question of property, as between my husband and myself, dear Mrs. Turner," said Phillipia very gently, "and I fear it often makes trouble in families where a woman keeps the money in her own hands. My husband says he fears this setting up in her own name by a woman, and doing separate business, leads to quarrels and divorces, and is contrary to the true idea of marriage such as God intended."

"Sister Walworth, I haint had no eddication, but I have had pretty good eyes and ears, and them sometimes helps a body to git an insight without going to college. It aint the woman's havin' money that makes the trouble; its because there is a nar-rer, selfish spirit into both on 'em. Ef a man is worth callin' a man, du you spose he will make a rumpus because his wife airns her own livin' in bizness when he can't du well by her? Or that he is goin' tu make a fuss because she has money in bank, and wants to keep it agin a rainy day? Does she fight him when he gits a little ahead o' bizness! Some wimmin are fools, and some men are jist fit to be their husbands, but good honest men who are willin' to du as they would be done ter, aint agoin' to make a fuss because their wives has a chance to du with a little what they all the time du with a good deal. The man has always the chance to give away or bill away half or two-thirds of the property they have both earned, or that he has *converted*, the courts say, and if there is a rag of manhood to him as big as your hand, he wont twit his wife and make a quarrel with her because she likes the feel of a little money in her pocket that she calls her

own, and don't have to count ter him for it like a six year old child? It stirs up my bile, to hear men talk so like igiots, and take it for granted that they can make April fools on us every day in the year. No, Sister Walworth, remember what I say, du your duties as a wife, and stick ter your own money if you have any."

"I know you mean well, Sister Turner, but don't you think those women who have been trying to get the vote for women, are really doing harm?" said Mrs. Walworth.

"Now sister, I du hope you wont git the wool pulled all over yer pretty eyes. Ef I, and all the wimmin in this State had our say, du you think there would be so good a chance to make drunkards of our boys and brutes of our sons-in-law? Now there is Betsey's husband, as good a worker as you could wish to see, and he was stiddy when he got married, but when he was teamin' to town, gittin' off his crap and he'd be tired, he'd go to the saloon and git a nip, and now it seems as though he nipt it half the time. The poor girl has been to that saloon man a dozen times, and begged him not to sell her man lickier, an he'd be es smooth as a gander's neck and say, Mrs. Byrne, you s'prise me, I never dreamed your husband took too much, and he a justice of the peace, and all that. Nobody'll believe you if you tell it." I've begged Turner to take it in hand, but he says he don't like tu interfere betwixt husband and wife. Bah! it makes me sick to hear such twaddle, and I've said to Turner, "Ef I was a man and an Elder, and called myself a Christian, and a voter, I'd be a man, or a mouse, or a long-tailed rat, or somethin'. I wouldn't be a ninny and a nothin'."

Now, if wimmin could vote, wouldn't they make it hot for sich scoundrils, destroyin' the home and makin' brutes of the fathers of their children, and lyin' in wait for the little shavers as soon as they git into pants? Ef that baby's par was to git to be a drunkard, wouldn't you want ter vote the abominable stuff out of creation?"

"I do not wonder at your strong feeling, Sister Turner; but you suppose a case quite impossible, my good friend. But I believe in that case, or even if my boy were endangered, I should want to vote or do anything else that would protect him, bless the darling baby! A mother must wish she could protect her child through all its growing years, and to follow it till safely within the kingdom of God."

"You do say it beautifully, Sister Walworth, and don't you forgit it, as you meander through the crookid ways of life, as the old Methody brother used ter say.

"I tell you sister, I've seen heaps of things, and thought of a good many more. Now it does appear hard, for instance, that a good Christian mother isn't reckoned wise enough to be the gardeen of her own children when their pa dies, unless she gives bonds for it, while their pa can do jist as he pleases with 'em, and have all their airnins till they're twenty-one, and no court nor nothin' to bother with.

"Now ef I was ter die, Turner'd wear a long face for a month or six weeks, and then he'd be a perkin' up and shinin' 'round some spruce young widder, or some gal that wasn't older than my Ann Jane, and he'd have the house all fixt up, and not a word said about property or anything of the sort; and ef he seen fit to turn all our children out, no court nor church would have a word to say. Its all Turner's.

"But ef it was him, instead of me, laws a massy! them boys would want the estate settled afore he was cold in his grave. The law in this State is about the same for a woman as in most o' States, I suppose. Where I was broughten up, they took away all but a third of the personal property left after the debts was paid and the use of one-third of the landed property, and if the children want of age, they 'pinted gardeens, and everything seemed kind of broke up."

"That does seem rather hard, and it may make it proper for women to have something in their own name. I hadn't thought

about that, but I now recall that my father made his will, and left all to my mother to use as she saw best, and she was to be our guardian. I really had not thought of this before. I thank you for telling me. Young women are generally very ignorant about these things. But you do Elder Turner injustice, I am sure, in thinking him capable of so soon forgetting your faithful services."

"Sister Walworth, I know a little of human nater, and if I aint put that matter strait, I'll promise to come back and ask his parding."

"I suppose it is only natural that we wives should be very jealous of the honor of our husband's, Sister Turner, and I hope it may be long before we, or any of us have the trial, even of imagining a separation."

"Well, I may say it is to be hoped, but I sometimes feel as though my days were short. I'm often took with a sharp pain about my heart, a kind of a strain I got once a runnin' to put out a prairer fire when it was a gittin' inter the corn, and the men was all off to town. Mary and I worked till we fairly dropped down, and sence that, ef I take a cold, its apt to catch me pretty strong. And its kind o' on my mind for some time, to see ef I could manage in some way ter get you to let Mary come and larn music, so's't the poor child wont have to always do the hardest kind of work, and be nothin' but a drudge when I am gone."

"Why yes, Sister Turner, I should like nothing better. She can come and take lessons and use my piano for practice, and it will be a good chance for me to review my exercises."

"You sha'n't loose nothin' by it, Sister Walworth, though maybe I can't git the money right reglar. But I'll manage it some way. But there comes Brother Walworth and I must be gittin' home."

So the poor, rich women put on her hood and shawl, kissed the baby, hugged its mother in her arms, and went out with grateful tears in her eyes. And Phillipia pondered these things in her heart.

CHAPTER VI.

A year from the receipt of Horace Walworth's first letter by his old room-mate, Edward Langdon received a second. Some few notes had passed between them, but nothing of any moment since the preceding April. Langdon was again enjoying a brief vacation after his fashion; that is, doing a vast amount of study, interspersed with long walks.

He had commenced a course of Theology; for his purpose was to become a true teacher of that Gospel he so earnestly accepted. His education was so thorough that he had no need to make daily reviews, for he was a critical scholar in elementary, as well as in advanced studies, and his memory was as accurate as a stereotype plate.

Once mastered, a science was forever his own. So now, he had his entire evenings for study, and under the guidance of an able college professor he was making rapid advances.

After two hours of hard reading before breakfast, he had, since that meal, gone out for a walk. Like Isaac he was fond of meditating in the fields, and after a brisk walk of a mile, he seated himself on a bench he had constructed for his own use and placed where it commanded a lovely view of river and plain.

What a world lay before him, what a world would come after him! This valley, a sort of "paradise restored to man," would yet be as populous as Palmyra of old, and the question of that future lay in the hearts of the men and women of the present.

As the sun began to warm the atmosphere, there occurred one of those beautiful phenomena so frequently seen in broad, level lands. The distant tenements and their homely surroundings began to draw near, and to assume a distinctness that belongs usually to close proximity, while the homes that had been mere specks on the distant horizon, became palatial in the grandeur of their proportions.

As by magic, the fair panorama unfolded. Mere cabins became splendid mansions, and comfortable homes were magnified into baronial castles, while the little beginnings of timber belts, assumed the proportions of elegant parks. The beautiful mirage had come on so suddenly, while Langdon's mind was held in a sort of introspection, that it seemed almost like a vision, answering to his question of the future.

But what of the moral standing of this wonderful "to be." Then he thought of the great question that had almost reached its culmination. Should freedom rule over all this fair land, or should it be given up to pride and luxury on one hand, and the degradation of the slave on the other, the Nemesis of the ages that would not release itself from its victim, but would inseparably exist, a torture and a destroyer?

"It must not be," he said aloud. "God has reserved this land, working at its creation while the old Eastern world was trying the experiment of subjecting the will of the masses to that of one supreme ruler. Asia, with its uncounted millions, knew only despotism. Africa, once a glory among all lands, had through pride and oppression become the very heel, base to the last degree of corruption and degradation. But Africa shall yet be redeemed, for the word of inspiration has said, 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.' Yes, this land must be in very truth a land of sure, well-ordered, wisely-restrained freedom, and we, the young men of the land, must at whatever cost, see to it that the word of God shall not be hindered."

While he thus soliloquized, the wonder went on to its fulfillment. Higher rose the palaces, broader grew the landscape. At one point he saw clearly the spire of a church some thirty miles distant, and the aspiring Lombardy poplars stood up like a long row of bayonets just gleaming in the sunshine. He started. "Is this a presage of some dreadful future?" he asked himself. "No, it is not a presage but a mirage. But, and if it were? ye have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin. It must needs

be that offences come, but woe unto him by whom the offence cometh. True to all the world's history," he said as he rose and shook back his curling auburn hair, displaying a broad white forehead, not smooth, but knotty, a study over which a phrenologist would have gloated. His clear grey eyes had a searching, penetrating expression, but as he shook himself out of his day dream there were little ripples of mirthfulness that showed him to be a humorist, as well as a philosopher.

His face was too thin for beauty, but the soft brown beard, darker than his hair, covered the too sharp chin, not wholly concealing a very beautiful mouth, so mobile in its expression as to more than hint the latent power of the orator.

His voice was clear and ringing, and if wanting in chest power, yet vibrating with the depth of passional expression. His form, not above the middle stature, was rather thin, but straight as a wand, and quite as supple. And now a wind from the southwest stirred the dead grass to a gentle murmur, seeming to order back the stately mansions to their real condition of very humble cabins, and the lordly castles to the simple homes of the industrious and thrifty farmers. He gazed for a moment over the disenchanted landscape, and then turned back to his study chamber, thinking of sweet Nettie Wilson, and wondering if he should not get a letter from her this morning.

As he entered the house, his hostess handed him a letter, and without looking, he ascended to his chamber, thinking only of Nettie, and wondering what fresh new thought she had prepared for his delectation.

It was well for the self-complacency of the Rev. Horace, that he did not catch the expression of Langdon's face as he read the address in the somewhat ornate, though crude, handwriting of the reverend gentlemen. He opened it, however, and read with interest the effusion of his somewhat patronizing friend.

AUBURNDELL, *April 1st*, 1860.*My Dear Old Chum:*

It seems almost a life-time since I wrote you at any length, for really my time has been most fully, and I trust profitably, employed, as you will have gathered from the papers I have sent you. Indeed, the work of the Lord seems to have prospered in my hands to a wonderful degree. The revival, which began last fall, has scarcely subsided yet. Souls are being saved, and the Church built up beyond the expectation of everybody.

My salary, which was at first quite small, is now increased, and there is the greatest enthusiasm manifested over my sermons, as well as over the music, which has become so much improved since we came here. My wife is a fine musician, and she has, in her quiet, delicate way, brought the choir into a condition of harmony seldom attained except in large cities. I sent you the account of the baptism of our boy. It made quite a sensation.

It did seem at first that his early advent was inopportune. Phillipia was so much needed in the choir, and I was so exhausted with constant labor, that I really needed her to wait on me and read to me a great deal. The dear girl did all that she could, under the circumstances, and the sympathy of the people was such that it helped out wonderfully. I do not think, though, I should greatly rejoice in a large family. Children are so absorbing to the hearts of women, that it takes them from our immediate interests to an alarming degree. And then, a young mother's foolish joys and sorrows are sometimes disturbing to a man's repose, and hinder the development of sublime thoughts. Yesterday, the dear, foolish young mother called me down from the study to see the baby laugh as he lay in his bath, utterly deranging a sublime expression.

She, in her foolish fondness, had idealized him into a water nymph, and I believe she really thinks this little piece of pink and white flesh is absolute perfection. One cannot but smile at the infatuation, but a man cannot quite enter into these things, though he has to kiss the uplifted face of the foolish mother, and whistle and chirp to the young manikin. It's silly to the last degree, a man of thought fully knows, but in the weaker and softer sex, it is really refreshing and delightful.

And this is where, my dear Ned, you and I differ so diametrically. Do you suppose this graceful, pretty wife, and this baby-kin, are to be trusted with great thoughts and respon-

sibilities? Could she rule the state or direct the finances of the world? What sort of a preacher would she be in the sacred desk? No, no; a thousand times no. Let man do the hard work and the hard thinking of the world, and let woman be his care, as well as his amusement and delight.

We have some disturbers here, that one would not expect. For instance, the other day, while I was out of town attending a funeral, one of my elder's wives came in to spend the afternoon with wife and baby. She is a good soul, but very illiterate. I pity Mr. Turner, for he is far more cultivated than his wife. The poor woman has a grievance in the fact that her husband does not see fit to educate her youngest daughter to be a useless lady, and this led her to a long discussion of the natural right of women to have equal guardianship and direction in regard to the bringing up of children and the use of property.

At last she got to the question of voting in town affairs, which some fanatical woman has stirred up. It seems that a son-in-law of her's has got to drinking rather freely, and Mrs. T. thinks that dram-shops ought to be shut up altogether, and believes that here is a question on which women should have a right to vote.

If you will believe me, the talk of this uneducated woman really stirred my wife up till she said, "I feel, Horace, that when our boy is old enough to be influenced by the example of the outside world, I should want to vote, if that was the only way to secure prohibition." When I tried to show her how foolish her ideas were and how such a thing would be likely to break up the peace of families, she replied in a Socratic, womanish way by asking if the school suffrage where it had been tried had seemed such an evil. She had been talking with a friend from Kansas.

And then, with a look in her eyes I never saw before, she said, "Suppose dear Menlo to be twenty-one, and I knew that if he went alone to the polls, he would be surrounded by rude men, and possibly, because of his refinement, taunted and tempted, do you think I would not rather take his arm and go with him, and compel the respect of even a profligate crowd!" I was thunder-struck. It is surely the little foxes that spoil the vines.

Of course I argued with her, but I am sorry to be obliged to confess that motherhood is too maudlin to comprehend great and really sound arguments.

But, my dear fellow, do not suppose I am discontented with

the loveliest of her sex. She is still the tender, clinging vine, and in small ways a helper and an inspiration.

Her reading, though altogether of a feminine character, has been choice, and I often find through her, apt quotations from Longfellow and Bryant that give a pretty finish to my discourses. She is just now reading Whittier, a birthday present from her mother, and you would, I am sure, enjoy her exquisite readings. I tell her our boy ought to be a poet, as she is feeding him on poetic nectar.

And now, my dear Langdon, let me express the hope that you will find means to go to Andover. The young men who graduate from that school, I find are sounder in doctrine, and by no means tainted with modern heresy. Then there is a gloss and polish that makes a man show off for all that he is worth, and gives him leave to maintain some self assertion. And this last, my good friend, is of *imminent importance*. Oberlin is well enough in a sort of Democratic way, but it is really wanting in style. That comes to me so naturally, that it is not so great a misfortune to me to have missed it, as for some others. But you, my *fides Achates*, do really need to put on that dignity and self-assertion that Andover men are so sure to attain. Was not an ancestor of yours a Cambridge President? You ought to have the genuine polish. By the way, I met an Andover man the other day, and we had a good time talking over some of the topics of the times. He thinks Garrison and Phillips and Foster, and Foster's wife, that strong minded female, by their fanaticism are bringing sure destruction upon the nation. My Oberlin training had left me a little unsound on this subject, I fear, and the peculiar state of things in Kansas has made Western people almost rabid on the question of slavery. But, I shall be cautious of my expressions in the future. On this other, and twin question of Woman's Rights, that seems more rife West than East, I feel that my mind is solid. Woman is not fitted to hold the helm of state, and she ought to learn her just place, of loving dependence on her true head. If you search the Scriptures thoroughly, I am sure your doubts will all be resolved, and you will come into a clearer understanding of the great and divine order so wisely established for the real good and happiness of all.

Your ever faithful chum,

HORACE WALWORTH.

CHAPTER VII.

As Langdon read the letter, his face assumed its most quizzical expression. "How he does condescend!" he said. "As for myself I shall have to allude to the first person singular with a little i. And he really expects me to answer him, the great Rev. Horace Walworth. Well, I can but try," and he drew himself up to his writing table and began.

ROCK RIVER VALLEY, *April 4th*, 1860.

My Well Remembered Chum:

Your gracious communication was duly received and contents carefully noted this morning. It would seem that fortune has more than smiled upon you, it has laughed outright. How enviable the lot of some men seems. You must have been born under a most auspicious star, or rather, a star most nobly aspected. Few men commence life under such fortunate influences. I see Venus was your godmother, and women are to be forever your servitors. No woman will grudge to lay herself at your feet and beseech you to accept her choicest offerings. I marvel that you should not have mentioned the Christmas dressing gown, lined with rose colored silk, that I am sure the sisters should have presented you, unless your good mother-in-law had anticipated them, as well as the embroidered slippers. But I fear me, you will yet feel that you have sacrificed more than was wise in making Miss Menloe Mrs. Walworth, for as Bacon hath it, "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public."

He had forgotten about his cotemporary, Shakespeare, but that is not strange, the poor playwright was an insignificant fellow in his own time, and doubtless his neighbors pitied good, thrifty Mistress Anna Hathaway for having wedded such a worthless companion.

But he does derive a moral good from the marriage state in as much as he says, "Yet it were great reason that those who have

children should have great care of future times, unto which they know that they must transmit their dearest pledges." This fairly accords with the sentiment, "I will turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers, lest I smite the earth with a curse." Now this last quotation may possibly lead to the conclusion that the great author of wedlock, and the manifest designer of posterity through this sacred relation, was the inspirer of the sentiment, "Lo children are a heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb His reward. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. He shall not be ashamed, but shall stand with the enemy in the gates."

I must confess to a queer sort of feeling when I hear men express themselves selfishly as to their posterity. We, certainly, who are citizens of so great and growing a land, ought to rejoice that it may be largely the inheritance of our own blood. There is a loyalty in it, that no alien can bring; a comprehension of its great office among the nations, that comes partly through the elements that make up our being, and partly from thoughts which they hear expressed before they fully comprehend language. They are, or should be, saturated from birth, with the very essence of freedom.

You will pardon me for answering your last remarks first. Excuse my saying, "No sir, no Andover for me." I want to go out as a teacher of a religion adapted to the common wants, the daily needs of a very democratic humanity. Christ, our great teacher came down to the level of the masses and made himself a human brother, that he might be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He never assumed. "If I your Lord and Master have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's." I do not think I have the natural gifts and graces that would befit an Andover man, even though very remotely descended from a Cambridge President.

As to those great disturbers of the peace, you name, I look upon them as the John the Baptists of the true reform that shall soon be ushered in: I know not if through the aroused convictions of men, or through the sound of a trumpet and the terrible voices of war. But they must cry aloud and spare not, and woe be to them if they preach not this their gospel.

When I hear of such daubing with untempered mortar, as some Andover men have done, I am led to cry out, "Degenerate sons of noble fathers! How long can God be with you, how long

suffer you!" Apologists for slavery should never be found in the Church of God in the North. I could be patient with a Southern man who has grown up in its midst, and who sees the slave in the light of a dependant, and a minor, who can never come of age, just as some men still regard women, and place them in the same legal category with infants and idiots.

The Southern gentlemen has seen the slave emasculated of all the higher attributes of manhood, till he feels that he has not even the latent capacity for independent selfhood, but must be held in subjection like a wayward child.

But we who have seen a Frederick Douglass and a Henry Highland Garnet have no such excuse. Do you recall how grandly he protested against even the patronage of his clerical brethren who sought to comfort Garnet by saying that in heaven he would be as white as they. "No, as God lives I do protest against losing my individuality. I will not be a white angel." We know their grand possibilities.

Did you ever think of the low condition of that race which Moses led out of Egypt. They would not even hear him when he told them God's purpose to lead them out of bondage. So the Lord sent him with his message to Pharaoh. Yet this abject people were led and instructed till they have become the law givers of the world, and Christ, the great healer of all the sins and corruptions of humanity, was of this stock. Thus at this day, the basis of all civil law among the most advanced nations is the Mosaic Ten Commandments, and all the religious institutions of the civilized world, rest on the loving words of Jesus, which have blossomed out in all philanthropies. We have in modern civilization still the two tables, the thou shalt not of law, as administered by the state—the thou shalt, of the tender humanities and philanthropies of Him who was lifted up that He might draw all men to Him.

Now the work of Moses was begun by a grand faith in human capacity. He had been initiated into the sacred mysteries of Egypt, which had hitherto been withheld from the common people, but his sublime faith grasped the thought of human possibilities, and he contemplated raising all this abject people to the dignity of a royal priesthood. The grand democracy of Moses is what we to-day aspire to; and within its possibilities there were distinguished women not a few, like Deborah, and the daughters of Zelophehad also claimed their father's inheritance. Solomon's

ideal woman was not much of a clinging vine, and Philip's four daughters must have been almost as strong-minded as Abby Kelly Foster, Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone and Antoinette Brown, a goodly quartette, who are now preaching the gospel, or rather prophesying. But Paul did not rebuke them. He accepted their hospitality like a true gentleman and encouraged their labors. And then, when he sums up the work of Christianity, in the third chapter of Galatians, he shows the ultimate oneness of all human souls, "Neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, but all are one in Christ." He also shows that the Gentiles, having never been under the law could not be held to its bondage. If wives are to be as obedient and respectful as Sarah, woe be to the modern Abrahams, for the ancient one was told to hearken unto the voice of his wife Sarah, when she sent out the bond woman and her son, and Isaac was the son of the free woman and not of the bond. My dear Walworth pardon me this long dissertation, but I felt bound to rescue Paul from the hands of the Philistines.

When I find Queen Victoria doing any more foolish things than the male predecessors of her line, because she is fondling her baby and even admiring it in its bath, then I may concede that our corner stone was not hewn square. When it is set forth that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, I do not wonder your wife should want to defend, even by the vote, that precious baby's future. And I imagine that in the time to come, some gracious women, full of the sacred tenderness of mother love, which I take it is the God principle of the feminine nature, will declare that love from the sacred desk, and it will fall with a soothing tenderness unknown to our bearded lips.

God bless the baby, and the baby's mother, and may they never want the truest manly strength on which to lean.

Your ever cynical chum,

EDWARD LANGDON.

This long letter finished, he turned to his books with some new impulses to study. Was it possible that the teaching of the modern Church was so far inferior to that of the Bible? In fact, so far below even the ancient Chatholic Church, which had its virgin mother as a comforter for all suffering motherhood, and a

sisterhood of saints. True, the great thought of the divine nature of motherhood had been sometimes perverted, but had it not a tenderness unknown to Protestant faiths? In some way this living principle must be lifted from its sepulcher, and sent forth for the renovation and comfort of the world.

As he read on, he began to feel a perplexity like that of the anatomist, when searching a dead body for the location of a human soul, which seems to have eluded the grasp of the men wise in their own conceits. He leaned back and repeated, "Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.

Then he began to repeat the first chapter of John. "In the beginning was the word." Yes, here we have it, and not so far away from our comprehension either. The word was the expression of a thought, God's thought of love to man, the tender human brother, feeling for all our needs, and pitying even our sad infirmities. He set aside all dogmas, he would none of the traditions of the elders, but demanded a simple, "Thus saith the Lord;" an appeal to the deep consciousness of the soul.

How foolish the teaching based on traditions that the honest human heart must feel compelled to set aside! How grand that conception of human nature that Christ evinced, when He said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." And yet, sometimes the world in its denial of the truth, turns so far aside, that the good cannot be done, the refiner's fire cannot, by the warmth of love devour the impurities. Then comes that fearful "change of front, of the universe," the martial trumpet, the clangor of arms.

He was too much disturbed to take kindly to Mosheim, and so concluded to relieve his mind by writing to Nettie.

ROCK RIVER VALLEY, *April 4th*, 1860.

My Dear Pupil and Friend:

I have been disturbed anew with the Oak and the Vine of which I wrote you a year ago. My old chum has again favored me with his delightful theory which he thinks he has beautifully verified; but I read in his boastful lines, only the selfish egotist, who desires the homage and service of all, and the easiest possible time for himself. He hints that his lovely wife, in the new glory of motherhood, is beginning to question of the future of her tender baby, and to shrink in anticipation of the time when he shall go forth in his pure young manhood, to encounter the unchained foes of humanity. She even thinks, that rather than see her son defiled by bad example, and taunted and tempted into evil ways, she would be willing to cast a vote in town meeting, standing by his side.

I am seriously afraid that his vine will be an oak after all. He feels that he has done a wonderful work, and that his popularity is fully assured. But some how, I do not get the genuine ring of the true metal. I should fear for the result should any foe assail.

But I did not mean to say much about this matter, for I too have a vein of selfishness that impels me to venture to do now, what I had thought to wait upon till my own position should be assured. But I feel that I may be risking more than I, in my selfishness, feel willing to hazard. You and I, my dear Nettie, have been for some years, I trust, confidential friends, and I begin to find the circle of my thoughts incomplete till it has touched yours. Now the conviction has dawned upon me, that my life would lose half its value if any person should come between us. I realize that in your wider relation of a student in a large school you will meet many young men who may seem far more worthy of your regard than my poor self, but I am sure you will find no one who will so need you, as your old teacher. You know I am poor, and have no influential friends to aid me into place, that I shall literally have to conquer fortune, if it is ever mine. All the recommend I can bring is my great need, and my willingness to do the best I can, with my limited powers, to be worthy of the purest and most enduring friendship that I am capable of feeling. You suit my fancy. I feel the fine qualities of your nature to the deepest sources of my being. I want to be assured of the perpetuity of this friendship, and ultimately to a sacred right

to your life-long companionship. I have for years dreamed that somewhere in the future, there was a home pre-empted for my beloved wife, Nettie, and myself, and that we should be the sharers of each others "dearest excellencies" to the end of our mortal lives.

May be it is only a dream, but until your "No" shall utterly dispel it, I shall hug the fancy to my heart and call you mine in every pure unselfish thought, in every true and noble aspiration.

And my cherished friend I will not ask of you to be unequally yoked with me, "For in true marriage lies nor equal nor unequal." I should despise myself if I could ask, and you, if you could consent to be my humble slave, and make yourself less than equal to your highest capacity, that I might lord it over your intellect, and receive from you the homage of a subject.

I want your free, equal, royal love, and shall hope to compel, by my true manliness, the same homage from you, that I shall be constrained to offer you, for your true womanliness. And should I prove selfish and exacting, resist such encroachments as contrary to my promise, and unworthy the love of a Christian husband and a true gentleman.

And now, dear Nettie, I throw myself upon your sweet charity. "For indeed, I love you."

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD LANGDON.

To this letter he speedily received answer to this effect:

OBERLIN, *April 8th*, 1860.

My Dear Old Friend and Teacher:

You surely could never have thought any other *young man* could be admitted to the close and loyal friendship that I have felt for you since you first went home with me from spelling school, six years ago, in order to protect me against the rude big boys who were standing outside of the door, and betting that they would go with me. Faith in your loyalty seems as natural as my heath, and if I should find ten thousand nice young men, ready to proffer me their admiration, I should not be content unless you stood at the head and made yourself, as then, my guard and protector.

But then, dear friend, I have never thought of you as a suitor; and a love letter, the very first I ever received, and the sweet flattery your generous appreciation so modestly bestows,

have almost turned my head, and I fear may make me a little behind my class to-morrow. I am afraid the letter I shall carry in my bosom, will distract me from any wise professor's lectures, and I shall not fully comprehend his postulates, or follow clearly his conclusions.

But he, of course, will not know the folly of which my wise teacher, whom he has so often complimented as having been such a thorough instructor, especially in the Greek verb, has been guilty. But it will be only for a day, and then my pulse will be normal, and you will always be in imagination standing near me to guard me from the rougher ways of life. You see I do not say no; I think you have held me in such sacred nearness that I should have felt bitterly wronged at the possibility of a rival, and the unspoken "yes" has been growing in my heart during all these years that you have guarded and led my intellect up the rugged, but shining paths of knowledge.

But for seeing you read Latin and Greek, I should not have thought them possible for a girl, and your praise of my first efforts in Geometry, filled me with the ambition to be a mathematician.

And thus, whatever intellectual gains I have made, I have virtually been indebted to your assistance and encouragement for making, and hence you have some high claims. I will not disparage your judgment by saying that I am unworthy the honor you bestow, for I shall at least try to merit your true regard.

But it will seem a little strange to think of you as a lover, as I hear some girls think aloud of theirs; and I rather believe I shall try to develop some new theory in this regard. Has Homer left us any dramatization of the fine thoughts that spring up between two who wisely and truly love each other? Is not friendship the infant that by careful nurture grows up to the full stature of love? And should not people marry because their lives will be forever wanting in completeness, without just such complementary fulfillment? I do not think I could *fall* in love. I should have to grow into it, and to feel so fully assured of the qualities of head and heart of my chosen companion, that distrust would be impossible.

I am glad you do not feel that you ought to be in any other sense my superior than in the power that belongs to you by virtue of true manhood. I could honor you as Sarah did Abraham, and doubtless like her should, in possible cases, insist on your concessions to my convictions of duty.

I often say that Sarah was a real lady, and if my husband should become a captain of a military company, or a justice of the peace, I should do like Mrs. Painter, who always speaks of her husband as Mr. 'Squire Painter, and thinks that her neighbor, Mrs. Stedman, is wanting in propriety because she calls her husband Rufus, instead of saying Captain Stedman. So you see you will be duly honored, or at least your office will.

On this question of the relations of those who are truly married, I like Tennyson's thought, "the two-celled heart;" and surely that one organ cannot well be divided against itself, one half honored, and the other dishonored.

What a funny love letter I am writing; but as I am but a beginner, you will pardon all short comings.

And now, dear friend, I want to ask you if you ever thought my notions specially strange and unwomanly. My classmates occasionally open their eyes in astonishment at some of my thoughts, so frankly expressed. For instance, we were at table one day, and something was said about Political Economy and Civil Rights, etc. The topic was introduced by my *vis-a-vis*, and seemed in a sort of way addressed to me. I answered with all the frankness of conviction, and remarked that it seemed to me that our government was not administered with reference to the highest interests of the masses, but was rather tending to the fostering of monopolies, and the widening of social distinctions based upon wealth and power. I said too, that I keenly felt the treatment women were receiving in Congress. Our petitions were meeting with the utmost contempt, and petition was the sacred refuge of the disfranchised, the very horns of the altar to which the most unfortunate should be allowed to cling. For myself, I said, I felt so outraged at the fact, that I should henceforth advocate the equal political rights of women. If men would not vote as we conscientiously felt to be right, we ought to vote ourselves. I wish you could have seen the ladies at the table. Some of them held the morsels of meat they had just taken poised on their forks, and opened their pretty lips in wonder. The young men seemed less astonished, though they smiled pityingly down from their heights of manliness.

I did not dream of the sensation I was creating till that evening, when I received a summons to the private parlor of our dear lady principal. You know what a darling soul she is, but oh! so conservative that she hardly dares to take a full breath.

When I came in, she bade me be seated, and with the very kindest intention, began her gentle reprimand.

"My dear Miss Wilson, I was greatly pained to hear of your dinner conversation. Of course, there was nothing morally wrong in what you said, but I think it makes a bad impression when a lady speaks of asserting her rights. We were made to be in subjection to the higher wisdom of man, and the influence of such remarks will, I fear, be unsalutary; and we wish to avoid, here, at least, all occasion for reproach."

My dear Mrs. ———, said I, please accept my apology for any unintentional breach of decorum. I could not wittingly infringe any necessary rule. But I may not see some things from your standpoint. While man was educated, and woman uneducated, she was compelled to look up to his higher wisdom; and even yet, the balance of opportunity is on his side, and we shall still be compelled to reverence that which is truly superior, and especially that which is eminently just. But for that which is wanting in principle, and subversive of the highest good of the world woman, it seems to me, should be the last to keep silence, or to be veiled with false modesty. And for this place, are we not here to learn the higher and nobler expressions of truth, to develop grander possibilities of Christian civilization than the world has hitherto known? And has not this college, the first modern one that has opened its doors to women, testified to the great truth that in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female?" I was a little carried away in my earnestness and the good woman, I fear, was shocked beyond measure.

"Do not be excited, my dear child," she said very gently. "We will wait on the Lord for guidance." So we knelt down and asked direction. When we rose, she kissed me, and said she was sure I meant well, only I had got some strange ideas, and she hoped I would be more guarded in my expression hereafter.

I am afraid I am not as humble as I ought to be, and I wonder if my habit of speaking and writing so freely to you, has led me into a want of that nice discretion that is so much approved by the world. May be I shall have to learn the habits of the vine, after all.

Yours faithfully,

ANNETTE WILSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

The fateful Presidential year had arrived, when the great question of National Solidity was to be tested, against the assumptions of States Rights. Were we a nation, with one common bond of equal law, based upon the Declaration of Independence, or were we a loose Confederacy of States, each with its own code of rights, and each at liberty to take itself out of the National family, or remain at pleasure? The nominating convention of the Republican party was to be held in Chicago, and already the sound of hammers was heard, building the wigwam that was to witness one of the grandest popular displays the nation had hitherto witnessed. Speculation was rife. The political party long in power, had mistaken the channel, and the ship of state was drifting with the tide, and almost beyond the control of the helm. Who should be found capable of steering it through the rocky straits? The new party was confident. Great names were mentioned. Seward, the astute lawyer and the shrewd diplomat, it was thought by many, must be the coming man.

Salmon P. Chase was another to whom many eyes were turning. He had been the first member of the Senate, to break the cordon so strongly held round the interests of slavery, and he had been true to his pledges.

There was another name on the lips of some, that of a tall lank man, almost rude in his appearance, with no pretension to fine culture or polished manners. He had, by some almost unaccountable chance, come before the world in his debates with one of the most wily politicians of the age, and his quaint manner of overthrowing his adversary might have been compared with some of the exploits of Christian, as conceived by John Bunyan. That Abraham Lincoln could detect a sham when he saw it, and was not to be terrified by stone lines, all who knew the man fully realized.

Thus the political cauldron seethed and bubbled till the time came, "Big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome." To those who had the happiness to be present in the wigwam on that august occasion, the scene can never be forgotten while memory lasts. The vast hall was filled to its utmost capacity, at an early hour. Men and women thronged the galleries, and filled all but the spaces allotted to the delegates, and the platform reserved for the officers. The North was represented by her best and noblest. Many wore bright locks then that are now frosted with age; many whose names were a power, whose discrowned heads lie low.

George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, was called to the speaker's chair. As he stood up proudly among his fellow men, his rich voice rolled out in clear and distinct tones, as though he had been taught to speak in the face of the winds that stir the hemlocks on the hills. The voice is now hushed, that called that mighty concourse to order.

Scanning the platform where the delegates sat was a conspicuous figure with hair and beard frosted by anxious care, more than by years, Joshua R. Giddings. He was rightly named Joshua, for he had been the leader of a host whose forces were towards the Holy Land of equal freedom.

Horace Greeley, the man who had done such valiant deeds for his kind, by keeping an untrammelled press where so many were venal, represented Oregon, because the distance was too great for the delegates who would have come from that distant land. Not even the U. P. Railroad existed at that eventful period.

After the organization of the Convention, the committee on credentials having reported, that on platform and resolutions was duly appointed to do its accustomed work. When the committee reported, and article by article was taken up, there occurred a most humiliating incident. One article declared the natural equality of man, and pledged the Republican party to the maintenance of this fundamental principle.

When the vote was called on this, a thundering "No," drowned the voices of the affirmants. Confusion prevailed. The hoary-headed Giddings rose, and bowed with grief, sought to defend this foundation doctrine of the government. It was in vain, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he left the hall. Then there came upon the platform one whose graceful form and clear ringing accents have had but few peers, during this last half century, the true patriot, the chivalrous defender of the inalienable rights of all human beings, George William Curtis, one of the delegates from New York.

"Has it come to this," he said, "that we, who claim to be especially the defenders of the inalienable rights of man, are prepared to vote down the very substance of the Declaration of Independence?" He poured out his contempt, his grief, his shame, till the vast auditorium rang with cheers. Then he moved the reconsideration of the vote, and amid loud acclamations, the shameful act was repudiated, the Declaration vindicated, and a committee was sent to bring back the grand old veteran, who in thrilling tones rebuked the recreant children of patriotic sires. It was worth half a lifetime of ordinary events to have listened to this old man eloquent, as he poured out the grief of his great soul in burning words of rebuke and humiliation, his once high hopes that this was to be a land of freemen, instead of a pandemonium of despotism, where the cries of the slave, and the crack of the driver's lash, and the clank of the bondman's chains, should drown the sounds of peaceful liberty, and make us a by word and a mockery, even to the most absolute despotisms of the old world.

How earnestly he entreated these sons of Revolutionary fathers to redeem the proud heritage they had sought to leave unincumbered, but now "all mortgaged" to slavery.

The better self of the Republican party was brought back to humiliation and right reason, and those who would have pandered to oppression were silenced. A great spirit of nationality was struggling in its first birth throes.

Then came the adoption of a strong, grand platform, not the timid utterance of a party who feared that defeat would overthrow their foundations, and wrest justice from the throne of the universe. They had faith in God and humanity.

All this time, women sat and listened breathlessly to those counsels. Never before had they so fully entered into the spirit of a great political contest. Was it that it involved the dearest interests of their lives, the possible desolation of their homes, the offering up of their sons on the altar of freedom? Some of them had read and advocated the doctrines of Elihu Burritt, that all difficulties should be settled by peaceable arbitration, and that wars would soon cease, with all their barbaric glory, but their real moral shame. But whatever their views, they were filled with the spirit of patriotism, and thrilled with the recital of wrong, and when the vote on the platform of the party was taken, it was not only ratified by the thundering aye of the men, but by the waving of white handkerchiefs and the hand-clapping of women. They comprehended that what had been "sown in weakness was being raised in power." Their petitions for the slave were being heard, "their cries had entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

Then came the strife of nomination. The friends of Wm. H. Seward were confident of success. It was a most auspicious time. His birthday would be on the morrow, and his personal friends, among them many zealous ladies, said it would be a well merited compliment to his life long fidelity to the great principles of the government.

But others remembered that he had, not very long before, shown signs of moral weakness in his memorable speech on capital and labor, a speech made for Southern ears and indicating that capital might have some indefeasible rights over labor. It was a guarded speech, but it betrayed him into the hands of his enemies, and compelled his defeat. Those who had seen and heard him when that fatal speech was made, remembered that he

rose with nervous trembling and blanched lips. He had tried to convince himself that he could appease the South, and prevent that collision that he feared. What a lesson to the men of policy and worldly wisdom. "He that is first shall be last." The ark of the Lord needs not our continuous steadying when He orders it forward. Undoubtedly he then stood as our greatest statesman. Since the days of the Adamses, no man of such fine culture, and such astuteness had graced the halls of Congress, but the wise was taken in his own craftiness. The common sense of the masses had been affronted and they rejected him. True he had among politicians some implacable enemies, but they could not have prevailed, had he not betrayed himself in the estimation of the people.

Chase had many friends, but his forces were not well arrayed. He was strong in debate, and more trusted than many, but he had not mastered the hearts of the people.

What is that subtle power, by which some men divine, and through divining, hold the masses, and fill them with grand confidence, and compel them to follow, as the needle does the pole? If a man lacks this, though he were wise as Solomon and as worthy of honor as any of the sages of the world, his name will compel no enthusiasm, and he can never be a successful leader.

It was the third day of that grand convention of men and women, when the name of Abraham Lincoln was brought forward. Not till now had the true enthusiasm of the masses been stirred, and those who managed the convention saw the sign by which men conquer. William H. Seward had no pet name. Salmon P. Chase, stately and dignified as a Roman Senator, could not be patted on the back and jocularly accosted by a crowd. But Abraham Lincoln, "Honest old Abe," had quite another ring. The farmer on his broad prairie would stop his team and have a friendly claque with him, as he and little Willy were riding out into some obscure district to attend a school meeting, and encourage the people to have better schools. They knew too how he

had met the Little Giant, that prince of political schemers, Stephen A. Douglas, and defeated him in argument. He made the people laugh, he made them weep if need be; his arguments were not broad like Chase's, nor subtle like Seward's, but shrewdly following from seemingly narrow premises, he hit the center of the mark at every shot.

This logic, especially the rare *reductio ad absurdum*, had told on the people, and he had been summoned East and West, and his almost rude, and quite original methods, had compelled the admiration of learned professors, and masters of logic and rhetoric.

Vote after vote showed where the sympathies of the people centered, till at last it was seen that he must be the leader of the host.

Then came the resolution to make the nomination unanimous. It was a noble sight to witness, as the several delegations filed in, and through their chairman announced the desire of their several States to make the nomination unanimous for Abraham Lincoln. Then a delegation was chosen, consisting of the chairman of each delegation to carry the news to Springfield.

Edward Langdon was a delegate to this convention and he saw with almost prophetic vision, the "impending crisis." He felt that this election must decide the great question of the extension, or limitation of slavery in the immediate future.

In the meantime, Lincoln's neighbors had heard through the tattling telegraph, of the great honor conferred upon their townsman and friend, and knowing his simple and temperate habits, sent in baskets of wine and other delicacies with which to treat the expected messengers. He thanked them kindly, but bade them take back their well meant gifts. He had never kept wine, and he would not now begin. If his guests were thirsty, they could drink cold water with him.

For this simple fidelity to principle how much does our Nation owe! Had he been a man who, amid the cares of state, could have been cheated into forgetfulness of honor and justice,

where would our Nation now stand? Dismembered fragments, "a world in ruins," the great experiment of popular government only half tried, before a grand catastrophe!

CHAPTER IX.

On the return of the delegates from Chicago, Edward Langdon found himself called upon to aid in the canvass, which seemed to him so important, that he laid aside his books of Theology, and for some weeks devoted himself to the study of the Constitution of the United States, and the political history of the Nation from its first organization. In a letter to Nettie he thus set forth his convictions.

ROCK RIVER, *July 20th*, 1860.

My Dear Nettie:

Since my assurance of your *perfect friendship*, I feel that any change in my plans of life, should be communicated to you, before anything is definitely arranged, because your interests, as well as mine will be involved. You know how earnest my purpose has been to prepare myself to be the bearer of gospel tidings to the poor and needy of this world, and towards this I have bent my energies.

My liabilities for my education are now cancelled, so that I am, in the sense of liberation from debt, a free man, and hence, so far, am at liberty to turn my attention in any direction that may seem seriously indicated. I wrote you my impressions of the Chicago convention and my conviction that there is an important crisis in our National condition. I remember when I was at school at M., before I entered college, during the Kansas struggles, I heard a very remarkable speech made by a lady. It was the first time I had ever seen a woman on the platform. She was getting aid for Kansas, and I recall how earnestly she set forth the true condition of the Nation, on the great issue, that, as she said, was finding its first battle ground on the broad plains of Kansas. She declared that our government had been recreant to the sacred pledges of our fathers, and unless we should now arise in our might, and defend the cause of freedom against the encroachments of the slave power, we should deserve

to be destroyed for our perjured faith, and blotted out from the book of Nations. She conjured the young men, when the time should come, which she plainly foresaw, to be on the Lord's side. I shall never forget the thrill of real manly patriotism this speech aroused, and I have from that time watched with clearer vision the oncoming of events. Some things then said of the nature of the franchise and its true meaning to the individual has led me to see without surprise, the course of some earnest women. If evil counsels should prevail, and the Nation become involved in war, or worse still, should sink to the baseness of denying the blood that bought us, would not women be as great sufferers as men? Our fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors to the maintenance of that grand Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which is the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and for the maintenance of these, all just governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed." Do you wonder, that in view of the fact that slavery has been permitted to intrench itself in the very citadel of the Nation, Jefferson should have left on record his solemn declaration, "I tremble for my country when I think that God is just." The Fugitive Slave bill and the decision of Chief Justice Taney, include us all in the guilt, North as well as South. I know not which is the more guilty.

But sure I am, that as God lives, He will speedily call us to account. Should the party now in power again succeed, we shall be carried away captive as a Nation; and should the reawakened conscience of the people lead to the election of Abraham Lincoln, there may come desperate strife. We have seen it foreshadowed in Kansas. And yet, my darling, if it cannot be avoided I shall be compelled to become a soldier, and uphold with the sword, the principles set forth by the fathers, the gospel of equality before the law for all mankind. Now you are, I trust, just as deeply interested as I am in this momentous question, and if I go into this political canvass, as I am urged to do, instead of graduating from Theology as I might, next spring, the chances are that I shall be called on to do the part of a soldier in one way or another.

As a minister, I might exempt myself from military duty. Would you advise me to it? Or shall I prepare myself by my utmost energy, to rouse the people to redress the wrong they have

so long tolerated, and to save the Nation from impending destruction. Should I throw myself into this canvass, I shall seek to prepare for no weak, uncertain work, but to do intelligently and valiantly what my great grandfather would have done in a case like mine.

Now, my dear girl, do you comprehend the possible sacrifice? and what is your answer? Shall I seek to waken the latent patriotism of the people, or shall I drift with the current. I acknowledge that I feel the personal sacrifice to be great, and I do not forget my widowed mother and my brave young brother. But I also remember my country, I remember the human hopes that rest on the success of our great experiment. Let me hear from your own true heart, the voice of wisdom which comes from a *brave* and loving woman, so that I may know how to speak to the women that will come to hear; the mothers whose sons may be called to defend the Nation's life, the wives who may become widowed, the sweet young maidens who will never know the devotion and self sacrifice of true love, but will be left with unkind lips and lonely hearts, because the love that might have been, has been untimely blighted.

Your ever devoted,

EDWARD LANGDON.

As Langdon went to the office with his letter to Nettie he received one from his old chum. He had not heard from him for nearly a year and a quarter, and it was with no small amount of curiosity that he opened and read,

AUBURNDELL, *July 25th*, 1860.

My Dear Old Chum:

I have been waiting in expectancy of a letter from you since I saw your name among the delegates to Chicago. But since you are silent, I must speak. I have been talking with one of my deacons about the state of affairs in the Nation, and he thinks a great mistake has been made by the Republican party in the nomination of such a man as Lincoln. He says he is no statesman, and will be sure to stir up strife between North and South, and that we needed a man such as Henry Clay was, who would know how to make compromises, and get over troubles in an easy way. He thinks if a few men could be hung North, as John Brown was South, it would make the South peaceable and the North could go on and be prosperous.

I am afraid we have not sufficiently considered the faith of compromises, and are rushing blindly upon destruction. I had the pleasure of a visit with some very pleasant Southern gentlemen not long since, and they say that it is as sure to bring on a war as the sun is to rise, if we elect Abraham Lincoln. A majority of my congregation are strong on the anti-slavery side, so I have to be pretty careful how I express any opinions. I say to them that I am a minister of the gospel, and women and ministers should keep silent on such questions. You may be sure, I am glad that Phillipia has no decided opinions on these questions, or she might bring me into some difficulties. Indeed, I was almost afraid for her discretion when she read from Whittier the "Slave Mother's Lament." If you remember it begins:

"Gone! gone! sold and gone
 To the rice swamp dark and lone.
 * * * * *
 From Virginia's hills and waters,
 Woe is me my stolen daughters."

or something to that effect. She read as though her heart was breaking, and I had to get the book and hide it for fear of her reading it to Mother Turner. That night when we had gone to bed, she said, "Horace dear, what if it were possible that our children could be made slaves? Aunt Marty told me to-day how her husband was sold down the Mississippi, and how her youngest baby was sold so that she could go with her mistress to visit her mother and stay the summer in Vermont and they said her baby would be in the way and they must leave it at home. She made a fuss about it, and her master said she shouldn't have it if she was such a fool, and so it was sold." Aunt Marty is an old colored woman induced to leave her master by some abolitionists.

I told her if she was going to believe all that such an ignorant wench told, she would be in a fine state. No doubt Aunt Marty would have neglected and beaten her own baby, and would have petted and spoiled her master's if she could have kept them both.

She replied that a man could not, she believed, quite fathom a mother's love. She said a mother might appear foolish in her fondness, but it seemed to be God's plan, so that she should not weary of her constant watch over her little ones, and might find her highest joy in that which would be an intolerable care to

others. If it was folly, it had the divine sanction, and might in His eyes become a crowning grace.

Phillipia, I must confess, with all her gentleness sometimes surprises me by a certain positiveness of opinion, that would be really trying, but for the wifely meekness and submission she always shows. But I am sure this question is going to make trouble, and I feel that we cannot be too guarded. Let me entreat you to be careful of your course. I hope you will be sure to graduate and get a charge as a minister, so as to be exempt from any military duty should trouble arise. You know the wise man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself. I feel comfortable under this fact, that I shall not be compelled to take part, either as a politician, or, should conflict come, as a soldier.

I believe I have not mentioned that on the Fourth, my wife presented me with another son, by way of celebration. It seems rather soon after the first, but I suppose it is all right. She seems as proud of it as of the other, and it is to be christened after its father. I hope this will satisfy her ambition for some time to come. But women are said to be happiest so, and we, poor husbands must be content and seem grateful for our blessings.

I am thankful that Mother Menloe proposes an addition to the house in the shape of a nursery. At our present rate, it will be sadly needed.

I hear nothing of your finding a better half. You will be wise to choose soon, or you will be a regular bachelor. My kindly salutation to the lady when you do find her.

As ever your old chum,

HORACE WALWORTH.

"Is it possible," thought Langdon, "that this is a true expose of the heart of a man? I will not answer him with soft words, for if the possibility of truth lies in him, it should be brought forth; if not I shall have done some part of my duty as an honest individual. And yet, is not this up to the level of a multitude of the blind leaders of the blind? Alas! for the Church whose flock is led by such a shepherd!"

Arrived at his chamber he immediately set himself to answer.

ROCK RIVER VALLEY, *July*, 1860.

My Well Remembered Chum:

Yours is at hand and I hasten to make reply. You know

my old habit of opening my Bible when in any perplexity as to the course to be pursued, and that I often felt directed by some wise aphorism, some grand poetic thought, or some true word of inspiration. So now I opened my Bible to learn what the message might be, and these words met my eyes: "Because ye have said, we have made a covenant with death, and with hell we are at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us; for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves; therefore, thus saith the Lord God, behold I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone; a sure foundation; he that believeth shall not make haste. Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it." This would be my answer to all who would advocate compromise with wrong. Our National sin is the more monstrous from the fact that we have, before high heaven sworn to render to our neighbor the same justice we claim for ourselves. And worst of all, men who claim to preach the gospel, appear as apologists of our National crime.

Have you ever thought of the nature of the unpardonable sin? Does it not consist in calling evil good and good evil? Are not the very foundations of truth subverted, when apologies are made for honesty, and praise is bestowed upon iniquity? While we said slavery is a great wrong, and we must get rid of it as soon as we can, it was as though God waited on our weak endeavors. But now that the press and the pulpit, and the judges of the land attempt its justification, it must soon come to open wager of battle, unless we stand like dumb dogs, and fail to even utter an inarticulate abhorrence of the sin.

Did not your wife's rebuke sting you to the quick? How her true mother nature laid bare the rottenness of all such apologies as you would make. And what we could not endure ourselves, how dare we leave others to endure? In some way we shall feel the retribution, "For they enslave their children's children, who make compromise with sin."

I have written you from a heart overflowing with a sense of

coming tribulation, not because the light has come to some, but because of our long continuance in transgression.

This trying to patch up an agreement between light and darkness has well nigh destroyed the moral vision of the Nation. Let us try to redeem ourselves before it is too late.

Bless the babies and the babies' mother, and may their father learn through them, how to love his neighbor as himself.

I am not going to pursue my Theological studies at present, for there is sterner work to do—and as to marriage, I wait till my intellect, as well as my heart, can be fully mated. So you see, the future wife should be now either in college, or an A. B. Whichever she may prove I am sure I shall honor her when she accepts me as an equal partner.

I hope I shall have a more gracious spirit when I write again. Till then allow me to subscribe myself,

Hastily, your old chum,

EDWARD LANGDON.

The letter which came from Nettie was as satisfactory, as the other had been trying.

OBERLIN, *July 23d*, 1860.

My Dear Ned:

Yours came duly, nor did its contents much surprise me. For, were I a man, with your capacity to work for God and humanity, no personal consideration should restrain me. All the same, I thank you for this perfect confidence which led you to lay the matter before me, before you had fully committed yourself to this great issue.

It does indeed concern me, what your future may be, but whether for weal or woe, whatever conscience enjoins, it is as much my duty to sanction, as yours to obey; otherwise I am not worthy to be that close and dear friend I think myself. And in this, as I take it, lies the substantial equality of man and woman. Her vote is taken, and he fills the office to which he is elected. Then in other departments she become the executive, and the man a constituent. I have thought of this a good deal of late, for this question of the extension of slavery trenches upon broad ground. Is it not Channing who says something to this effect, that the least encroachment upon the rights of the humblest human soul is a wrong to all? "Lay not your hand on God's rational offspring. The whole spiritual world cries out forbear!" Now here in this goodly town, with all its liberality, one cannot

but mark two things: One is the patronizing spirit shown to Negroes, as though they should say, "We tolerate you because we are so good," and the other is a similar condescension to women. Girls are advised to take the "Ladies' course." It is not so taxing to their feeble natures.

Now, to me, it has seemed that Providence ordered the opening of these college doors, just at this time, that it might be shown to the world that Negroes and women have capacities capable of expansion and culture to just the same degree as white men.

True, we have not hitherto had the same motives for broad culture, and consequently have not laid hold with the same confident power. The places awaiting us are narrower and the remuneration is pitifully smaller. Neither the Negro nor the white woman can hope for any chiefest place, and so it is not strange that we should fall behind in the race.

Another trouble with us girls is this. We come of age too soon, and so must graduate at an earlier period, and commence life before the faculties are matured. This also leads to inordinate hurry in our studies, and sometimes to breaking down in health. We are also made to feel that our fingers should be constantly busied with some little work, our eyes taxed with embroidery or fine knitting, or something of this nature, during the hours when young men are vigorously exercising in the open air.

One day I found myself in a fearful state of incapacity. I could not remember my lessons. The words escaped me as soon as read. A friend invited me home with her for an evening, and some games were proposed, like pitching quoits, and we all went out. One of the young boys challenged me to a game and we played for an hour or two as I used to play with Charley, and when I went back to my books my head was clear as a bell.

To illustrate my other point. I went one evening to a prayer meeting expressly for the slave. There were but few present, and one of the colored students, a bright earnest fellow, got up and said some very stirring and almost bitter things. He complained that even here, there was apathy to the cause, that while on any other occasion the room was well filled, yet when it was for the poor despised Negro, only a few of the brethren and sisters came, and they seemed cold and only half in earnest. At this point Brother H. arose and said, "Forbear brother. Here

you have great kindness and Christian charity shown you and your people."

Quick as thought, the colored brother was on his knees, and such an outpouring of pent up anguish I never heard. He told the Lord all he wanted the apathetic brethren to know, and if the Lord was not surprised at his arraignment, I am sure some of the brethren were. But after all, this belongs to the limitations of poor human nature, and shows us how perfect is the rule, "Judge not that ye be not judged." Also, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." If we could follow these rules, we should attain to what our good brethren here are some of them striving for, "Christian perfection."

Now my dear, my *very dear* friend, I feel such entire confidence in your wisdom and integrity, that whatever you feel called upon to do in this great emergency, I shall feel called upon to sanction, though it may be like the "cutting off of the right hand, or the plucking out of the right eye."

I was pleased to note the honor conferred upon you making you delegate to the Convention in Chicago. It makes me happy to feel that in whatever place you may find yourself, you will always be equal to the occasion. Realizing this I shall try to be a fitting mate for you, whether in the humblest walks of duty, or in the higher levels of the life that may be yours and mine.

As ever, your most faithful friend,

ANNETTE WILSON.

CHAPTER X.

It was a bright afternoon towards the last of July when the sweltering heat on the broad prairies made one yearn for the cool mountain breezes, and the gurgling crystal brooks of Vermont, that Mrs. Turner alighted from her husband's rough farm wagon, at her pastor's door, intending to spend the long summer afternoon with Mrs. Walworth and her babies. She had not been able to walk much of late, and as they had no comfortable carriage, she had dreaded the jolting of the farm wagon, and so had not seen the new baby, now nearly three weeks old.

"Dear heart!" she said, as she came up to Mrs. Walworth, who was seated in a rocker with her youngest baby on her lap, and the other clinging to her knee, "how sorry I was not to be able to be with you. But my heart trouble is gittin' worse all the time, and so I knew I shouldn't du you any good. But you look as peart as can be. No, don't rise, I can wait on myself sister, and you 'pear to have your lap full.

"And isn't it a cunning little chap any way? It seems kind o'hard now, but in a year or two them little shavers'll be like twins, and one will take care of 'tother, and the two'll be less care than one."

"That is really comforting, Sister Turner," said Mrs. Walworth, looking with a tender smile into the little red face that peered up with blinking eyes, as though it knew the tones of that mother's voice.

Mrs. Turner drew up her chair and took the little one from its mother. Little Menloe, a child of wonderful beauty, laid his curly head on the baby's dress, and clung to the long white robe as though afraid of losing it. The thin brown hand of the woman was at once laid tenderly amid the golden curls, as she looked up with a tear dimming her eyes. "This makes me think of old times. My two first was jist about as near together and I ust ter take 'em inter the field when Turner an me went ter plowin', and I had a kind of a booth tu shelter 'em. I'd lay down a big rug and put 'em down, and I'd keep up with Turner at the plow tail, and when we'd stop for the teams tu blow, I'd run and nuss my baby, and pet tother one, and then I'd back ter the plow till time ter put out to bait. Then I'd take the babies and Turner he'd lead his team, and mine would foller, and while he fed the teams, I'd git the fire kindled, and when he'd come in, I'd tell him ter rock the cradle while I got the dinner. Well, he was real kind meanin' then, Turner was, but sure as I'm a livin' woman, first I'd see, he'd be fast asleep, noddin' over the cradle. And it ud be jist the same at night, when I was a washin' up the supper things and gittin' ready fer breakfast."

"That must have been a hard life, Sister Turner," said Mrs. Walworth.

"Wall now, Sister Walworth, it ain't hard work in the open air that kills folks, half so much as bilin' over a hot stove does. I've told Turner, many's the time, that I'd rather du the work in the field as men du it now, than ter cook for sich a drang o'hands as he gits about him. Land o'liberty! it ain't sich a hard thing ter ride on your sulky plow, with an umberill sort of a thing over your head and plow out corn. But my men talk as though a woman's work want worth the shucks off the corn. Sometimes we git talkin' about wimmins votin', and Turner lets on as though he b'lieved it would be a dretful hard thing fer wimmin ter du. But I shet him up when he gits so terrible tender. I ask him if a woman that could plow all day with her two babies, and keep awake ter git dinner when her man drapt asleep over the cradle, wa'n't most stout enough to lift a vote inter the ballot box. But Sister Walworth, it aint the heft of work that breaks wimmin down, nor yit the havin' of children. Its the feelin' that you aint of anny account, and that no matter how hard you work you haint nothin' that you can call your'n, and your hands always tied."

"My dear Mrs. Turner, you surely need not trouble yourself about that, you have all you need, a good home, and plenty of everything."

"And I s'pose you think that is all a body wants, Sister Walworth? Now you tell my Mary that she could make a fust class player; and I know she sings beautiful; but I can't git her a pianner to save my life, while *he* gits all sorts of machines for the farm. I tell Turner sometimes that when his step darters come, he'll git a fine new kerridge and a pianner, and land knows how nice the house'll be fitted up fer them, and Mary may work her fingers ter the bone and no thanks, nuther. It'll be s'prisin' how fond of music he'll be when I git out'n his way."

"Isn't that a little ungenerous, Sister Turner? You see you

began by taking the heavy burdens, and he cannot realize that you need anything now, any more than you did at the outset. You ought not to blame him for not being as willing to have a nice home as though you had made it necessary for him from the first."

"That's what my youngest sister has told me, time and agin. But then, when I married him, we hadn't anything ter make a nice home out'n, and everybody said Dan Turner'd be a shiftless feller, and I'd took my pigs ter a poor markit. And you see I wanted ter incourage him, and so I worked with him, for he was always master fond of company. Ef I hadn't done jist as I did, he'd a gone ter town a foot every day, instead of workin' and gittin' a start, and it's my solemn belief, he'd a been only a drunken shack afore he was twenty-five years old. But you see I kept him company till our oldest gal and boy was big enough ter go with him ter work, and so we've got on. I hope I aint quite a fool, and some things is borne in unto my mind pritty strong. Ef it wan't fer the lickin', I could let all the rest go and be comfortable. But when I know that, man and boy, our folks spends fer drinks and terbaccer more a week than I git in a year ter use as I'm a mind ter, it does make me feel kind o'disgruntled, as the boys say. I aint got grace enough to git over it.

"What makes it all the harder is that I feel so sorry for my Betsey, and want ter help her in her troubles. Her man gits worse and worse, and he's gettin' inter debt head over ears, and I know that often she can't git the clothes fit ter send her children to Sunday School, and Byrne don't want 'em to go, no way. Poor gal, she sees lots of trouble, and if I aint mistaken, he beats his boys awful hard, and if Betsey interferes, he swears and cusses at her till all is blue. He tells her the boys belongs to him and if she don't keep her mouth shet, he'll bind em out, for he has the right ter.

"Now this comes when he is drunk, for you see his father was Irish, and though I will say they are awful kind when they are

sober, yit a little drink makes them more like crazy than anything else. Ef he should hurt one of them boys in his drunk fits, I b'lieve it would kill me outright."

The tender heart of the listener was touched very deeply at this recital. "Can you get nothing done, Sister Turner? Why does not brother Turner interfere?"

"Sister Walworth, don't the Bible say something about Satan castin' out Satan, and ef he did it, how would his own kingdom stand? When I set a ponderin' these things, it comes ter me that mebbe the reason why men is so feared ter perfect wimmin is because ef they du, it will be allowin' that wimmin belong to God fust, and men arterwards, instead of reversely. I can't see no other reason for their bein' so afeared tu interfere, as they say, twixt man and wife. Now I've begged Turner agin and agin tu tell Betsey tu come home and bring the children till Byrne comes tu his senses; but Turner says that ef he was ter du it, Byrne could come and take the children, all but the nussin' baby, and he could prosecute him for interferin' atwixt husband and wife. Aint that a shame in a Christian land o'liberty?"

"It is hard, Sister Turner. I cannot see how this matter is to be mended. May be your daughter is not as pleasant as she ought to be, and doesn't make home agreeable."

"Now Sister Walworth, that's always the way. The woman is in fault ef the man goes wrong. Yit its the woman that has the babies and is kept awake o'nights, and has all the stingin' and scrapin' and 'conomisin' tu du, and she stays tu home and works while the man rides round, and carries the money puss, and gits what he thinks best, and she has tu be thankful fer that. A body'd think ef enybody should be 'scused fer being cross it should be the woman.

"But I will say it for Betsey, that she was as pleasant and tidy a body as you could find, till Byrne got tu drinkin' and now she is plum broken hearted. She said tu me the last time I seen her, 'Pears tu me I should be glad tu die ef it want fer the children. But I must try tu stagger on fer their sakes.'

"Now, Sister Walworth, sich as you, cant understand some things, for your path is covered all over with flowers. But some folks has to walk on thorns."

Just as she had finished her recital, the team came back, and kissing Mrs. Walworth and the baby, and little Menloe, she prepared to go. "Ef I never see you again Sister Walworth do you remember what I say now. You think you have all the rights you want, but no woman has all the rights she wants while there is a lick store licensed in the State or in the Nation. Good by! God keep you and your babies."

Long after Mrs. Turner had gone, the young mother sat and pondered her words. She had sometimes suggested, very meekly, to her husband, that even the best laws did not seem to be quite as favorable to women as to men, and she had especially deplored the fact that intemperance seemed so much on the increase. What could poor weak women do, to stay the tide of wrong.

Early the following morning, a messenger came from Elder Turner's, announcing that his wife had died suddenly in the night. The messenger was questioned as to particulars and it came out that about ten o'clock a hired man had come in from Mr. Byrne's after the doctor to set Bobby's arm. The man said Byrne hurled a milking stool at a pig or something, and it hit Bobby's arm and broke it.

The sudden news frightened Mrs. Turner and she sunk back calling out, "O Lord it has come!" and directly she was dead. The doctor had stopped on his way out to Byrne's, and after examining her for a few minutes, said nothing could be done. It was heart disease, and no mortal power could have saved her.

As to the accident, very little was told. It was known to his workmen that Byrne had a large demijohn of whiskey in his barn and that he was drunk and very cross; that the boy had been trying to milk a kicking cow, and had had the pail kicked over. Byrne had cursed him for it, and the stool had been thrown at something, but nobody seemed to know exactly what. All knew

that the father was frightened when he picked up the fainting boy and carried him in, sobered by the fright. This was all and no one felt that he had any call to interfere.

But the grandmother knew, and the shock cut short the agony of her life.

A stately funeral, honored her in her death. The Rev. Horace Walworth officiated, assisted by the pastors of the other Churches, and the funeral discourse was afterwards printed, encircled by a wide black border. The virtues of the deceased were most eloquently portrayed, and her ecstatic welcome of death, in that last cry, "O Lord, it has come!" was said to be little short of miraculous.

At the grave, the pastor read, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, yea saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them!" and the flower wreathed casket was lowered to its final resting place.

Then the choir sang the hymn, "Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely," and then the great concourse retired. Many of those present remarked what a fine looking man Mr. Turner was in his elegant new suit of black, and what a wide weed he wore on his hat.

Nothing could have better satisfied public taste than this well ordered funeral. Mrs. Byrne was not able to attend. She staid at home and watched by her suffering boy, who often declared he wished his father had killed him, so that he could go with his grandmother. It was sad that so young a child should turn to death as a consoler. He was only ten years old, yet weary of life.

CHAPTER XI.

The stir of a campaign so exciting, thrilled through the land, orators came from East and West, and men, women and babies turned out to listen to the wisdom of statesmen, or the sophistries

of demagogues. Douglas, it will be remembered, was an independent candidate, whom many of his Northern supporters supposed must be the winning man. Torchlight processions and Union Leagues were the order of the evening, and grand rallies of countless thousands of Republicans astonished even themselves by their great numbers, thronging through the day.

Douglas was notoriously conspicuous. He had his special train, and on the rear platform a cannon that announced his arrival by its loud boom. Many of the young men, seeing the enthusiasm which this called out began to feel confident of his success, and to bet on his election. At the station where our friend Turner resided his car stopped, and a perfect sea of red throated railroad men, swayed as by the moving of the winds, shouted, "Hurra for Du-glass! Hurra for Du-glass!" with a look half quizzical and half shame-faced, he was led through the shouting throng by a committee headed by Mr. Turner, till he came to the platform in the adjacent grove, draped with flags, and crowded with ladies and gentlemen. Here he was again surrounded by his red throated constituents, men whose sturdy arms had helped to build the long chain of railroads that now wedded the Father of Waters to his Eastern bride, and promised soon to weld the continent with iron bands.

But these men were not wise or learned, and it was with bitterness and self scorn that he spoke to them of the sacredness of country, and the importance of standing firm for a government in which there should be no North, no South, no East, no West, but a Nation large enough, and strong enough to meet a world in arms. And these men, poor and often worse than poor, sadly besotted were voters, and still had manhood enough in them to be filled and thrilled by the grandeur of the sentiment, and to be proud of the man who was their acknowledged leader. It is wise never to undervalue the voice of the many.

When he was again on his way, he called some of the most intelligent of his enthusiastic young friends, and said to them,

"Boys, I heard some of you betting on me. Don't do it again." "But Mr. Douglas, you will surely be elected," they said. "Not a bit of it. I shall not carry more than one State; at most two." "Why, then do you run, just to be defeated?" "I am running to break up that confounded recreant Democracy. Bet on old Abe as high as you please, he is the winning man; but don't bet on me. The old party levers are untrue to every principle of our government, and I have sworn to overthrow them."

At last he had learned the unsafety of a rotten foundation, and his truer self was revitalized.

It was the grandest contest the world had ever seen, the uprising for the unity of a government based on the theory of equal rights. And yet, they had not even now forgotten their strange gods. The multitude that listened to the impassioned speeches of political leaders, thought more of National unity than of National justice. There were a few like Langdon, who sought to teach the true meaning of a Republican government, but they were often checked and schooled by more politic men.

At last the decision came, and with it the humiliating history of the last days of a demoralized administration. Jefferson, whose broad doctrines of inalienable right they had professed, had been practically denied by his followers. The whole Nation had sinned, but they most of all, and now their kingdom was about to be taken from them. "Not this man, but Barabbas," had been uttered long before.

What a lesson for all succeeding generations, that in righteousness alone is safety. "Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of noonday; hide the outcast, bewray not him that wandereth. And in mercy shall the throne be established."

It took bitter years of war to teach this lesson, pray God it be not forgotten. And Douglas? he saw and acknowledged the truth and died in sight of the holy land, and our soldiers buried him in an honored grave. That he would have been one of the

staunchest supporters of Lincoln had his life been prolonged, cannot be doubted. Standing in the rotunda of the State House after the call to arms, he made a most impassioned and patriotic speech calling upon all men who loved their country to sustain the President in his defence of our nationality. Lifting his eyes to the dome, he said, "Vain for me were the dreams of ambition with a divided empire."

One who read the eloquent speech as it came from the daily press remarked, "Douglas is not long for this world. His eyes have seen such grand truths that he will be slain as by the angel of the Lord."

Better thus, than to have lived in violation of his manliest convictions.

CHAPTER XII.

During the winter following the election, our old friend, Brother Turner, had grown singularly conscious of many things of which he had been formerly oblivious. He remembered that his late estimable wife had been very anxious that Mary should have a musical education, and in the following order he set about complying with her desires. Miss Wilder, a music teacher had recently arrived from the East. She was a thoroughly well educated woman, some twenty-eight or thirty years of age, rather petite in figure, with bright dark eyes and hair, and a clear fresh complexion. Her features were delicately moulded, and only the bright twinkle of her eyes, and some little dimples that occasionally played around her mouth, betrayed a capacity for coquetry that had been the bane of her riper years. To widowers she had proved in more than one instance "a delusion and a snare."

The very first Sunday that she played the organ, the deacon was hopelessly enthralled. On the Monday following he called on the barber to have his hair trimmed, and his whiskers properly shaped, and if need were, retouched, so as to be more like his hair.

"Now," said he to the barber. "I want you to consider the shape of my face, and see what kind of whiskers would be best lookin' for a man of my figger."

"Yes, sah, I think your face remarkably like Lord Bland's. picter on the wall. Must be English I conclude sah? His Lordship was through here last summer and I barbered him."

"Yes, my father and mother came over when I was a boy."

"Yes, sah, thought I couldn't be mistaken, sah. Now side whiskers make a man look young and mighty 'spectable, and I have the fust-class pattern, sah."

"Make all right Jim," and Jim shaves and looks sidewise and frontwise to get the exact form.

"Excellent form sah, couldn't be nearer like Lord Bland's. Ef you had some new patent teeth sah, 'scuse me for namin' it, you'd be a'most a puffec' likeness of his Lordship. He laid a half dollar in my hand when he left me, and said if he ever found hisself in these parts he'd be sure to call on me for professional services."

Elder Turner, not to be outdone by his Lordship, laid a half dollar in the barber's hand and told him he should soon call on him again.

From the barber's he went to the dentist. That functionary assured him that it would make a great improvement in his looks if he would have his old yellow teeth, which stood a good deal twisted and worn, replaced by some new and brilliantly white ones he had just imported; and furthermore, he could have them in by the last of the week just for temporary use. In fact, he had sometimes taken the mould and put them in the same day. It kept the air from the lacerated gums, and it was his opinion they healed better than when left exposed.

Now the Elder who had three marriageable sons remembered that delays were dangerous, and so he at once submitted himself to the dentist's tender mercies.

It was well towards night when the good man returned home

in his rejuvenated state, to be met by many as a stranger, and laughed at and unmercifully quizzed by the boys. But he stoutly maintained his new dignity, and lived for the next two weeks on mush and milk.

But in the meantime, he had got Mr. Walworth to introduce him to the new music teacher, who had advertised for pupils, and Mary had been notified that she was to commence the next week. As he found Miss Wilder a very pleasant and chatty body, he began to devise methods for a growing acquaintance. It was quite a walk between his house and the music room of Miss Wilder and he came to the conclusion that he really ought to have a carriage. An agent from St. Louis fortunately made his appearance just at this conjuncture, and a new double seated phaeton was ordered. It did not occur to him how often his poor wife had wished she could have even a light single wagon. She was dead and buried, and out of sight; but Mary remembered with secret shame, how poorly her comfort had been provided for, and how much she had done for the success of her father in business.

When the new carriage came, and also a set of silver-mounted harness, and the greys had been curried as never before, he took Mary to her music lesson and called to pay the quarter's tuition in advance. It did not seem much like the pinching her mother had done, to pay Mrs. Walworth half her just dues, but the girl accepted all with a good grace.

From Mrs. Walworth she had learned more than music. She had seen the interior of a well ordered home, and had caught the knack of dressing with some small degree of taste, so that Miss Wilder was unexpectedly impressed by her bearing, and imagined the family not altogether wanting in refinement. She inquired if Miss Turner had a piano, and when she found that article deficient, informed him with a most witching smile, that she could order one at reduced rates; and the Elder said he would take it under advisement, a business term he fancied quite imposing.

On his return for Mary, he took her to see Mrs. Walworth and inquired if she and her babies would not like to ride over to his home and spend the afternoon. He had some things on his mind about which he wished to ask her advice.

So Mrs. Walworth went with them, and had a cheerful afternoon, her husband coming out for tea. It was a home of rude abundance, full of coarse, substantial comforts. The parlor was furnished with a high feather bed, covered with gorgeous patchwork, and a few hard Windsor chairs. There was also a bed in the dining room, and another in a curtained recess off the kitchen, besides home made lounges. The house had a second story, as yet unfinished. Mr. Turner took his guest from room to room to consider with her some plans for improvement.

"You see, Sister Walworth, my Mary is gettin' to be quite a young lady, and I think I orter kind o' fix things up a little on her account."

"Why, yes, Brother Turner, and on account of your sons as well. It may make a great difference in their own lives, if they leave you with correct ideas of a well ordered Christian home."

"Just so, Sister Walworth, and I don't know of anybody better calculated to advise with than you," he remarked quite patronizingly. "My late wife was too feeble after we moved here, to do much in the way of fixin' up, and Mary is too young to have ripe judgement, so I thought you would be a good adviser. A man without a good woman to counsel with, feels kind o' helpless sometimes."

"I suppose that is true, Brother Turner. I find my husband, though so wise in most things, a mere infant in household matters, so I have to take all the responsibility on my own shoulders," Mrs. Walworth replied.

"Now you must tell me in what direction I can aid you, and I shall be most happy to do all in my power."

"Well then, fust and foremost, what do you think about Mary's makin' good use of a pianner, 'sposin' she had one here to home?"

"The very thing of all others, Brother Turner. Your Mary is almost a musical genius. It is seldom that a girl who has had no training in childhood, learns so rapidly, and it would be a great advantage to have a piano at hand, so that she could have full opportunity to practice. Her touch is remarkable."

"Well, ef you think so favorable on it," said the Elder half closing his eyes, and softly drumming on a stand near which he was seated, "we'll say that is concluded. Then ef we have a pianner, we must have a place for it. How would you arrange for that?"

"Why this is a nice room, with a change of furniture. Where the bed stands would not be a bad location. Then you would want a carpet, some suitable chairs, a large mirror, and a center table. Of course you will paint your house outside and have some green blinds, and some pretty lace curtains inside will give the room quite a genteel appearance. I notice that the walls are good, still a nice paper seems to add a good deal to the general effect of a room."

"Don't you think a sofy a nice thing in the parlor?" queried the good man, with his half shut eyes, as though he was dreaming of lounging there, and watching the play of white fingers, and listening to soft strains of music.

"Of course, if it is in good taste, or better still, a large divan with handsome pillows," returned she. "My husband says he could not study his sermons half so well if it was not for the one in his study; and, if covered with velvet or rich brocade, it is really very handsome. In case you have a divan, you should have curtains to match under the lace drapery."

"That all seems very sensible," said the Elder, "and I don't see but what it can be done. The chambers are large and if they are done off, it wouldn't be a bad sort of a house."

"No, indeed, it will be very comfortable, and if you were to throw a veranda over the south side, and train vines over it, it would make it really elegant. I only wish Sister Turner could

have lived to see things so beautifully arranged," said Mrs. Walworth very earnestly.

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable," piously responded Mr. Turner, and at this he closely shut his eyes. "I want to consult Brother Walworth about a suitable monument for her grave. She is worthy of a good one."

"That is so, and she would be happy could she know how highly you appreciate her worth. The praise of our husbands is like the sunshine to us women."

"Ahem! very true sister. Shall we look into the dining room now?"

"This might be a very cheerful room indeed," said his kind adviser. "I like a breakfast room that looks east, it is so bright in the morning. Now you will, of course, have this bed removed, and that will make room for a large sideboard. Then with a plain carpet, and some rugs, and a set of dining chairs it will be quite nice. Some pretty chintz would make becoming drapery for the windows."

"Much obliged for your ideas, Sister Walworth, I shall set about it to rights," returned Mr. Turner.

Mary, in the meantime, had been in the kitchen getting ready for tea, for she had no assistant in her domestic cares, and it seemed wonderful that she could find time for music, or any other recreation. Mrs. Walworth looked in and saw Menloe seated in a high chair at the table, where she was moulding biscuit, a big towel pinned round his neck, and his hands and face white with flour, while the girl was singing and laughing at his baby pranks.

"What a charming girl Mary is," she said to Elder Turner as she went back to the parlor. "She ought to have a good opportunity to attend school, and I hope she will have it some of these days."

"Possibly," returned the deacon, "but *at present* she could not be well spared.

By this time the Rev. Mr. Walworth had arrived and the conversation turned on Sister Turner's monument for which he was to design a pattern and write out an inscription.

Next, Brother Walworth's health, which he felt was not quite sound, was discussed and the Elder advised him by all means to try Hostetter's Bitters. He said he felt as though he could not live without them himself, they were so strengthening and purifying to the blood, and as spring was just upon them it was necessary to be careful.

The latter part of winter had been clear and dry, and the roads were in splendid condition just now, and everything seemed arranged to the deacon's mind.

When the boys came home they brought startling news. The papers said it was doubtful if Mr. Lincoln could get safely to Washington. The people in Baltimore said he could not.

"It might save a deal of trouble ef he could be stopped on the way," said the good Elder in an aside to Walworth. "Fer my part I'm a Douglas man, and it 'pears tu me Lincoln wa'n't the man tu hold the ribbins safe. Et it was the Little Giant now."

CHAPTER XIII.

ROCK RIVER VALLEY, *April 23d.*

Darling Nettie:

The inevitable has come. The North and the South are pitched like the two camps, one on Mt. Ghenizim, the other on Mt. Ebal. One stands before God, angels and men as the champion of Freedom based on the law of equal love, and providing equal guarantees for the life, liberty and happiness of all, and the other championing the old battle cry of Despotism and Savagery, "Might makes right." And anew the old cry resounds, "Who is on the Lord's side?" You know how clear my convictions are that this array of antagonistic forces has in it a meaning hidden from the many. But it seems to me that its issues will not only affect our nationality, but all humanity will either be lifted up

or cast down by the results of this conflict. The President has called for an army of men for ninety days. Well, if in that time the people can see the issue, and demand the liberation of the slaves as a measure of peace, the war may be brought to a speedy conclusion. Could the slave-holding States see what is wise and good, they would propose a scheme of gradual emancipation, something like that carried out in New York and the West India Islands, giving the slaves some opportunity for education and some preparation for responsible conduct all could be easily adjusted. Of course, the South makes the issue on State Rights, and assails the Government in its own fortresses, and the President meets them on this issue, yet all the world knows the real question is slavery, and they who are now aggressors, have been striving to spread it over free territory and to make it National and unlimited, instead of sectional and limited.

For myself, I feel no assurance that the great majority of the people realize the true issue, and though I was not a little disappointed in Mr. Lincoln's inaugural, after reading it for a dozen times, I think I see in it a profound comprehension of the situation. Our Constitution has become an idol, and any seeming disregard of it, stirs up the most bitter opposition. This has been the inconsistent point in Garrison's method, as I see it, yet for him it may have been wise. It has placed him, as it were, without the camp. He has chosen to treat it from that purely human and ethical standpoint, that cuts the ground from under the wrong, whether a man stands within or without the Government. I feel that his teachings in the direction of pure ethics, will last through all time. But the issue now has become a National one, and it may take a long period before we reach the goal. The Constitution must vindicate itself. Now Mr. Lincoln has assured those who are raising this rebellion, that he intends to see that the constitutional rights of all the States shall be fully maintained, and this leaves them without pretext for war or secession. He leaves them to make war against the Union and the Constitution, and he will have to be guided by the trend of events as to final measures. This strikes me as the finest stroke of statesmanship, though at first sight it seemed almost a humiliating concession. Many extreme abolitionists will be dissatisfied, but the National spirit will rise to the emergency. "This is our house, and it must not be pulled down over our heads," is the feeling of the masses. "If it does shelter some vermin, it shall

not be removed from its foundation on that account. We will kill our own rats when we get ready," is the popular feeling.

It is to this common sentiment that the Executive has wisely appealed, and already the response is greater than the demand. I was ready to go with a company of militia that I have been drilling for a week, but word comes that our quota is more than made up. I shall therefore wait, and in the meantime study military tactics, and be ready for the next call. In the interim I have a place in B——s store as clerk, in place of one of the boys who has enlisted; and you, my dear girl will graduate and be home in a little less than ninety days, so I shall see my dearest before I go, should this strife be prolonged as I fully anticipate. I know you are brave and patriotic, and will fully enter into the spirit of events as our women do here. I believe every soldier who went, had his outfit of lint and bandages furnished by some loving woman. It was a brave sight when our boys started from the county seat, but not a very cheerful one. Still the spirit of the country is very fully aroused, and I feel confident the issue will be squarely met.

Now do not overtax yourself for graduation. Take plenty of exercise in the open air, and come home showing what capacity for study a sensible girl can illustrate.

Yours with every pulsation of my being,

EDWARD LANGDON.

OBERLIN, *April 28th*, 1861.

My Own Brave Friend:

Your letter came this evening, and before I sleep I must answer it. I think you are right in your forecast of the war, and I know its terrible meaning. The wrong we have silently allowed to fall upon others, is now resting like a pall on our own heads. We have permitted the apologists of slavery to say that the Negro slaves are wanting in the fine sentiments that make us shrink from the sundering of family ties, and that their imbruted natures are not susceptible to such agony as we suffer. Now it seems to me that in this very fact lies an enormity of wrong too little considered even by the best of us. To be robbed of our capacity to suffer, implies a moral paralysis that is far worse than acute mental pain. And now, even handed justice with its unerring measure, is meting out our deserts as a people. What a terrible avenger is this equal balance, and we cannot touch with the

heel of contempt, the interest of the lowest, but like an electric chain it is felt through every link.

I wish you could have heard Prof. Morgan Sunday morning. He was sublime. He took up this theme of our National sin. His text was from Lamentations iii. 40: "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord." I have never heard him speak so grandly. It was a most searching discourse and indicated the same leading thought you have expressed in your letter. It stirred the young men like a trumpet. I think there will be no holding back on their part, when any new demand shall come.

But after all, it is terrible. I think I could easier throw myself into danger, than see you and Charley go, with the uncertainty that this involves. I think I never realized before how much we have had to be thankful for in past years. I met a German lady the other day, who said she was most grateful that her husband was not likely to be conscripted as he would be in Germany. She told of their conscript system and how rigid their military laws were, and I realized that we had been indeed a peculiar people.

We are all wishing and praying that this first call may not be repeated, but I do not think we dare hope. This measuring out to us the measure we have meted is, I fear, but just begun. I often wonder if the supercilious indifference of women that one sometimes sees on the question of slavery is to thus find them out, and pour upon them the tribulation that is merited by those who see the anguish of other souls, and do not seek their deliverance. I have also found another class of women who are afraid to express themselves as to right and wrong in political matters. They seem too dainty to utter a decided opinion. And these too, must have their burden of woe with the rest.

I will say for Oberlin, that on most moral questions, there is less cowardice than among the generality of people, but many of the women are too timid to speak out what is in their own hearts. I saw this last winter in regard to urging the Legislature to pass more just laws for the protection of women. And now the time is at hand when they will need to be especially protected in personal and property rights, and particularly in the guardianship of children. I heard a lady lecture in an adjoining town on this last winter, but the leading citizens did not desire to have her come here. Some gain was made, I believe, but not even yet has a sense of equal rights been apparent. No mother

is the guardian of her lawful children unless the Court permits. I hope I am not rabid on this question, but sometimes I find myself filled with a sort of righteous indignation. I pray God, if this war continues, that those who have so long sat in darkness may have their eyes enlightened.

I am so selfish as to be comforted that you were not required now, but equally glad that you were ready. I do not think I could respect a coward, and true respect is quite essential to love in my code. And so, God willing, we shall see each other before you are called away.

Ever your own,

NETTIE.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was the Fourth of July, but there was less rejoicing than mourning. It was apparent that the ninety days had not been sufficient to bring back the seceded South or to render the North victorious. But patriotism was still a living principle in the hearts of the people, and the call for new enlistments was promptly responded to by ready volunteers.

Kansas, that late battle ground of principle, had answered the call like a young athlete. She had not forgotten her long arrears of wrong. She, at least, knew the value of her suffrage.

But other motives than those of patriotism often swayed men who joined the army.

None of the Turner boys had enlisted, though they were loud in encouraging others. Their business was too pressing. They would have to stay at home, and already they began to scent the battle from afar, and to count on army contracts. Elder Turner himself had been exceedingly cautious in his expressions. He had become fond of long rides in which Mary and Miss Wilder frequently accompanied him. He often guardedly sounded the latter to learn how she viewed the state of affairs, and finding her openly patriotic, he had carefully abstained from all expressions of sympathy with the cause of rebellion.

But his private advice to Brother Walworth was, to be very guarded in his course, as a body couldn't say what the result might be. Mrs. Walworth had been spontaneous in her expressions of patriotism, for she looked at her baby boys, and thought how sad it would be if they should grow up into a heritage of strife and bloodshed. In matters that may touch the lives or fortunes of their children, the simplest and most untutored mothers are often wiser than the most astute statesman. But this lady of culture had read, and though her thoughts had been modestly compressed to suit the requirements of society, she had made some deductions from French and German history that taught her how terrible it would be, if, instead of a land of peace and prosperity, we should become involved in perpetual strifes. Then too, she had read her Bible to some small purpose, and had recognized the eternal enmity between justice and injustice, and "woman like," as the Rev. Mr. Walworth used to say, she sometimes spoke out, without first consulting her husband at home.

Brother Turner had been occasionally consulted on this important question, and he sometimes called and took Sister Walworth and the babies out to ride, and on these occasions sought to guard her against a course that might be detrimental to the popularity of her husband.

She listened meekly, and was so ready to apologize for any inadvertence, that the good man often contrasted her with the late Mrs. Turner. How much pleasanter to have a woman meek and ready to reverence the wisdom of man, than for her to set up her own opinions; and he felt sure that Miss Wilder would be another possessed of the same gentle manners.

It was on the evening of the Fourth of July, after some public demonstrations in the patriotic line, that Elder Turner had a pleasant party to tea. The house had been as thoroughly rejuvenated as the master himself. It had been duly painted white, every window was supplied with the greenest of new blinds, and the veranda had been added to the south side, its ceiling overhead

painted bluer than the sky itself. Within, the change was equally pronounced. A fine Brussels carpet of very bright pattern covered the floor; a divan upholstered in green and gold brocade, with window curtains to match, surprised the beholder; lace curtains were duly supplied, while a costly mirror hung over the mantel. The chairs matched the divan, and the marble topped table stood in the center of the room and the grand piano filled its destined niche against a richly papered wall.

Evidently the upholsterer had been ordered to do his part without regard to expense. The dining room was equal in appointments to the parlor, and even the chambers had been finished and in some degree furnished. There was one chamber especially to which Mrs. Walworth and Miss Wilder, the only lady guests, were taken to lay off their light wraps. It was furnished in rose color and the walls were hung with rose colored and silver paper.

The whole aspect of this newly vamped home struck Mrs. Walworth with a strange sense of incongruity, and she was almost startled to fancy she heard a sort of grim laugh, and a whisper at her ear, "Isn't it just as I told you?" However there was no one there, except the smiling, dimpling Miss Wilder, but the wind was blowing the rose colored curtains rather briskly, and she knew it was this slight sound, and her own fancy that had suggested the ghostly whisper. All the same it was the verification of the dead woman's prediction, and yet it was not quite a year since she had made it.

Nothing could exceed the suavity of the host. He had invited a lawyer and a doctor, with their wives, but the ladies had sent apologies; they were too weary to attend.

While the ladies were up stairs, the gentlemen sat on the veranda and smoked cigars. The Rev. Horace Walworth seldom declined one when it was of the right brand, and there was also a bowl of iced lemon punch that had been offered, as especially needed by the lawyer who had made the speech, and the minister who had read the Declaration of Independence. Not long after,

the sound of the piano drew them to the parlor where the ladies were found trying and admiring the new instrument.

The Elder proudly inducted his three guests into the splendid arm chairs, and himself lounged on the divan, his white duck pants and white vest and grey coat, strikingly suggestive of Lord Bland, while he carelessly toyed with his gold watch chain. Jim, the barber, had kept his side whiskers in excellent shape and they had not been allowed to fade during the season, while they had grown long and elegant in form, brushing over the coat collar. At the urgent request of the gentlemen, Miss Wilder played and sang many old songs, accompanied by Mrs. Walworth and her husband who had a fine bass voice, and at last they called for "John Anderson my Joe," which was played and sung with spirit.

The babies, with Mary, soon came in, and in a short time tea was served by Aunt Marty, she having been summoned for the occasion. The Elder was radiant, as he seated Miss Wilder on his right and Mrs. Walworth on his left. "The happiest man in a fool's paradise for ten miles round," whispered the doctor to the lawyer.

Mrs. Walworth noticed that the old cracked table ware had been replaced by gilt edged china, and the old worn knives and forks by silver plated articles.

The absence of the sons was apologized for by the host as they were too patriotically inclined to come home so early.

While they were eating their cake and confections, a shout was heard at the door, and presently in staggered John Byrne, shouting and cursing. He had enlisted for the war, he said, and now "good by Betsey and the babies." She had said she could get on alone better than with him, and he'd let her see what it was to manage a farm without a man to the fore. The Deacon's smiling face grew dark, and he rose with apologies and took Byrne by the arm and led him into the kitchen, the drunken man shouting, "No yo don't, old side whiskers." Here he ordered Aunt Marty to get him a strong cup of black coffee, and then

with his teeth set commanded him to keep quiet till he got through his tea, a threat Byrne regarded.

With a face restored to placidity, he returned and apologized to his guests, remarking that Byrne was one of the best of fellows, but for this unfortunate weakness, which was greatly to be deplored. But the incident had somehow pricked the bubble of pleasure, and the bright, gallant speeches he had studied up to make Miss Wilder, when he should have her alone, riding from the Walworth's by a long circuitous drive, remained forever unsaid. He did not even drive home with his guests, but sent his oldest son, Robert, who had just returned, while he, investing himself in a common suit, prepared to see Byrne home.

The latter, somewhat sobered, began to bemoan his rashness in enlisting, and begged his father-in-law to help him secure a substitute, so that he could go on with his business. Elder Turner was not disposed to aid him in this direction. He knew his daughter had suffered untold agony, and he felt that it would do the man good to be under discipline for a few months, and then, if he behaved himself he could get him out. His chief concern now was to find how deeply he had got in debt so that he could assist Betsey by his advice, and so afford the poor girl a little rest.

"I don't s'pose if my debts were all paid, there'd be a cent left, but the use of the homestead and the best thing I can do is to get shot and leave a pension for Betsey and the children," the man said, as he became more lucid. "She and they will be glad to see the last of me, I've been so posses't by the devil the last two years. I s'pose they can't drive Betsey from the homestead, for she wouldn't sign the last mortgage, and I came near killing her for it; but she said she'd die before she would see the children turned out of house and home, and I am glad now she did so. She has some of her mother's pluck and good sense, and she needs it now. But I thought then it was mean of her and looked as if she didn't trust me. You see a man wants to be master in

his own house. But its a good thing, after all. It was the whisky, and not Byrne, she said, that she was standing out about, and she was right. When I get away, she'll manage enough sight better than I should."

After saying this, he rode on silently by the side of his father-in-law, over the long stretch of prairie, the darkness glooming around them, with only once in a while a flicker of heat lightning.

By and by the Elder became aware that the man was sobbing. He at last laid his head on his horse's neck and seemed utterly broken down. "To think," he said, "what a likely chance I had to be a respectable man, and well off, and now I've thrown it all away! I've abused my wife, I came near killing little Bobby, the dearest child that ever lived, and Jack and Lizzie a'most hate me, and even the babies are afraid of me and all for that cussed whisky. Ef you hadn't said it was good for a man to take some when he was working hard, I don't believe I should have done it. Betsey remonstrated, but I said you had done it all your life, and you kept a level head and was an Elder in the Church, and no reason why it wasn't just as safe for me. And now I have finished up, and 'listed for the war."

When they reached his home they found his anxious wife still up, and evidently afraid he had met with some accident, for she came to the door, as they could see, and looked anxiously around. The terrors of a drunkard's wife are unceasing.

She heard her father's voice and ran out to see what new evil had come, but hearing them speaking pleasantly together, she went in and arranged the supper table.

Elder Turner never forgot the look on Betsey's face when he, at Byrne's request, told of his enlistment. The long bitter years of humiliation and abuse were annihilated, and he sat before her the brave, handsome young lover, the tender proud father, the brisk, active, prosperous business man. He had been better educated than her own father and brothers, and she had cherished

high hopes for his future. There had once been talk of nominating him for the Legislature. And now, the few bitter years were all swallowed up by this great wave of agony, and her cry was, "O my darling, how can I give you up!" During that memorable night, during which no one of the three slept, he solemnly promised amendment, and it was a pledge sincerely given.

Among his neighbors, he commanded a certain respect, and when they found he had enlisted as a private, and was sober during the drill of the following week, they proposed electing him a lieutenant, and when the time came for the regiment to report for duty, Lieutenant John Byrne marched away in the glory of his new uniform, followed by the tears and blessings of his wife and children. "Come back to me sober Byrne," whispered his wife as she hung round his neck, "and it will make amends for all."

Byrne's reproof had been a shock to the self approval that had so long deluded Elder Turner. How much of this responsibility rested on his shoulders? Had Betsey suffered all the agonies of a drunkard's wife, because he had been able to drink moderately and not become a drunkard? He hardly believed it, and yet, he might be wise to look a little after his boys, whose habits their mother had so much feared. He must caution them against danger.

Some few weeks after Byrne's departure, Betsey came in to see her father about their business. They had owned 620 acres of land, bought with Government Warrants. Byrne had mortgaged all but the homestead for three thousand dollars, and the interest would soon fall due. There were some steers she could sell, and meet this, and she should try to pay off the hired men from the products of the dairy, and she and the children would get along alone.

"But you can't never pay the debts, Betsey," her father said. "You better let the land go."

"No, not if you will pay a fair price for the steers," she said resolutely. "I am going to save every foot of the land. See if I don't."

"I haint much opinion of wimmin's management," he said. "I see you haven't," said she looking round. "If mother had lived, you'd never have laid out eighteen hundred dollars on the house and furniture. But I don't find fault. I only wish she could have had an easy carriage to ride about in afore she died."

"Well, Betsey, I manage my own affairs, and I allow you will yourn. I'll pay you a fair price for the steers, as I am likely tu git a contract from the government that'll give good profit, but I'll advise you to be dretful careful of expenses. A woman haint much idea of the cost of livin'."

With this sentiment ringing in her ears, she started home. She had many things to ponder. She must lay her plans so as to have no needless hired help, and she must be with her boys and encourage them all she could. There was a good breadth of corn well grown for the time of year, and haying had already commenced. With the help of her oldest boy she could do all the mowing and raking hay for the keeping of their teams and other stock. Bobby could herd the cattle and Lizzie, her girl, twelve years old, could tend the two little ones and get on with the house work. Then she would hire two men for a couple of weeks to put up the hay, and as soon as the corn was ripe, she and Johnny would begin husking. Life did not look half as hopeless to her now, as it had done for two years past. She thought of her husband with pride, and his letters gave her no end of satisfaction.

That night she held a council with her children and told them her plans. They believed in their mother, and agreed to do just as she thought best. "But what about going to school?" asked Johnny. "You know I haven't had any chance, and I am getting to be a big boy."

"I know it, and I must see what can be done. School meet-

ing comes in September, and I must see what influence I can bring to bear. If we can get a good woman teacher, I'll try to get her to board here, and she can ride to school and back every day, and you and Lizzie can study evenin's till we get through huskin' corn. I can't see any other way, can you bub?" The boy could see nothing better and so the plan was carried out, and his education was not overlooked as before. Expenses were cut down, money was saved, the corn crop was reserved, prices went up and, it may as well be said here, Betsey Byrne eventually cleared off the last mortgage. She went into the field with her son and helped plow for the corn, and as help was not easily obtained, concluded to seed down a part, and raise wheat and oats, and keep the rest for pasture. Byrne's wages were not touched, but deposited in bank for the education of the children. They were well clothed, attended Sunday School regularly, and studied at home when they could not go to school.

"I always said Betsey was a manager," Elder Turner used to say. People often forget their previous opinions.

But her boys had unlearned the habits of profanity they were acquiring from their father and his hired men, and were taught to abhor drinking. The State would be enriched by good men through a good mother.

CHAPTER XV.

The call for half a million of men had met with a ready response. From homes of pride they sent out their best and bravest, from the lowly homes of the poor the sons of toil freely offered themselves, the native born citizen and the newly made citizen vied with each other in springing to the defense of an imperiled Nation, for ours was a government for all humanity.

One poor widow whose sons were all enlisting, when asked how she could possibly spare them replied: "Of what value would their lives be without a country?"

So, with one heart and one mind, all that had in them an abiding sense of patriotism, responded to the call of the President till the quota was full. But there was a class like the Turners, who patriotically staid at home, and took contracts, and did the voting, and talked of the foolishness of the government in thinking it could whip the South. Others thought that we could not carry on the government for want of foreign exchange. Cotton had so long been king, that they could not see how we could find any commodity with which to replace it. But such had forgotten that He who rules in earth and in the armies of heaven, had also intimated that the earth is His and all its fullness. Not only had the hills given up their treasures of iron, silver and gold, but the rocks had poured out rivers of oil, and the land had yielded its abundance. And so we had in kerosene and corn two kings upon the throne, and our foreign exchange instead of dwindling away grew in importance. In fact, the thoughtful began to see and comprehend that this was God's and not man's conflict, and that he had ordered forth his armies for the terrible wager of battle between liberty and slavery.

Thus, when Edward Langdon heard this call, he was ready to respond, and with a company of well mounted men which he had raised and drilled, he reported at the local rendezvous, to meet with the demand from the company that he should go out in command. They knew no other man who had sufficient military discipline.

His reply was: "My best services are due my government. I am willing to serve, either as a private, or in any command to which you may call me, on condition that you have such confidence in me that you will yield unhesitating obedience. It would humiliate me far beneath the ranks, if one of you, my old neighbors and townsmen, should fail of duty through want of confidence in me as an officer."

The enthusiasm of the boys was unbounded. They knew him and trusted him.

The regiment was soon to leave for the front, and none felt more keenly than Langdon, the terrible sacrifices he was called to make.

His widowed mother would suffer silently the double widowhood of her life, since he had come, as good sons do, to be a support and reliance to the lonely mother that made her half forget her widowhood.

There is no more sacred tie than that which binds mothers to the sons whom they have reared to man's estate who have fulfilled their hopes and ambitions, giving promise of lives full of usefulness and honor.

And now this *mater doloroso* was to give up her son for the sins of the world. She was not a weak, foolish woman, or she could not have reared such a son. Indeed, the boys had sometimes thought her almost hard in her requirements of self-denial and prompt action, and Edward had sometimes said that he had been reared in a military school, the discipline had been so exact. But now he felt its value. He had not a slipshod habit of which to prune himself.

And there was another "farewell" that he felt it would be hard to utter. Should he be left to suffer in some far off hospital, and possibly die, without having a right to call Annette to his bedside, or to ask her to love and cherish his mother as her own. He must decide quickly for time was pressing.

He had seen her after her return from O., and they then knew that their plans for the future must all be changed, if not forever set aside; and though they felt the sacrifice to be unspeakably bitter, yet neither said that it must not be. But on this last morning he came to a sudden resolution and going to the office of the county clerk, he took out a marriage license, and summoning the chaplain of the regiment, who was with his company, they mounted in haste and rode over some ten miles, to the Wilson homestead.

Netty had determined that her grief should not be made a

spectacle for the curious, and so had decided to remain at home, trusting to see him for a brief hour, and then to feel that the light of life had gone out.

From her chamber window she discovered them, and half annoyed that he should not be alone, she ran down and called her father who she knew would not forgive it should she not give him the opportunity of saying his good speeds to her young warrior. To her surprise they rode on to the field where her father was at work and in a few minutes she saw her father and Charley coming with them to the house.

When they came in, she had retreated to the parlor and there Langdon found her pale and trembling. He went to her as she stood by the window, apparently looking out at the splendid horse he had ridden, but her eyes were too full of tears to see anything but the dreary prospect of vacant years. He took her in his arms and whispered his request that she would permit him to call her his wife before he went away, so that in sickness he could call her to his bedside, or if death should come, she could claim his shattered remains and bring them to the home of his loved ones.

"I have obtained the sanction of your parents and now I ask your own."

"Why Edward," she sobbed, "it is the only thing that could give me any comfort," and then she laid her tear stained face on his shoulder and her sobbing heart was pressed against his own. "And now my darling, you are forever my own," he whispered, "and may God keep us both till the day of our land's redemption. You will open your heart to me in your letters, and my comfort in sorrow and darkness will be in the sweet messages of love they bring."

Words were too inexpressive for the poor girl, but she sought to be brave and courageous, and to lift up her drooping tear-stained face, and act the womanly part and become the consoler in her turn.

In a short time, the chaplain came in, and the family were called, and the solemn compact was ratified that made their two lives as one, while they were to be separated by the great necessity laid upon all who felt the sacredness of National life and the obligation to secure its highest ends. Then came the hasty, agonized parting, and Annette was left alone to watch the fleet steed as he carried her brave young husband to mortal peril. "O, if I could go with him, how it would lighten the mental burden of our lives," she said to her mother; forgetting, as children will, how near and dear they are to their parents, in the newer love of husband or wife.

The mother said gently, "Do not forget that you are our child, and we have loved you all these years, while Edward has not known you only half a life time."

"I am not so sure of that," said the young wife, "I think we knew and loved each other long before we were born, and shall continue to do so long after we die."

"Long may you be consoled by that thought," returned her mother, "but I fear some wives, and some husbands too, rejoice that death ends the compact."

CHAPTER XVI.

During the autumn following the commencement of the war Mrs. Menloe received the following letter from her daughter, Phillipia. Its contents naturally troubled her.

AUBURNDELL, *October 10th*, 1861.

Dear Mother:

Your letter, which was most welcome, as yours always are, yet gave me exquisite pain. So darling Lilly has to give up all the anticipated joys of the coming year, that her dear Noll may be a soldier. How terrible it is that the strongest ties must be severed and that among those innocent of having done anything to provoke strife. Horace, I am thankful to say, will not be called to do military duty, so I and my little ones will not be

bereaved. Yet sometimes, when I meet the wives of the soldiers who have gone and left them with their little families it seems selfish for me to rejoice that I am not likely to endure this ordeal. One of our Methodist ministers from an adjoining town has gone as a chaplain, and I have thought, sometimes, that Horace might yet be called to some such duty. Yet he says he is more needed here, and Brother Turner, of whom I have often written you, says he is more needed now than ever. And then too, dear Horace is far from being in good health. He has tried a great many kinds of bitters, and yet he does not seem to feel strong and well as formerly.

Only last week, he said he did not see how he was going to get his morning sermon written. So I took the babies up to the study, and while Menloe amused little Horace, I sat down and wrote for him, he giving me the topics and I, filling in the outline till I had written quite a sermon. He was so thankful I could help him out with his duties. Of course I could not do as well as he does, but you know I could carry out the general design and he could change it somewhat in delivering it. It makes me more and more thankful that I have a more solid education than many, and I am grateful to my dear good father that he let me learn some things that girls do not generally acquire.

For instance, in the matter of accounts, I keep them all, such details are so burdensome to an intellectual man like Horace. And now, as his salary is to be cut down, and our expenses are increasing in many ways, it will be of great importance that I should be able to fully understand financial matters, and to retrench wherever it is possible. I fear dear Horace will not be able to retrench as much as will be necessary, to make our salary meet our expenses.

The doctor has rather advised him to smoke as he is disposed to be nervous, and of course he must have the finest quality of cigars and they are very expensive; and so of the medicine that somebody is constantly recommending, and which, in his miserable condition, he feels he must use. So I am thankful to be able to keep my own accounts, and to know that I am not using more than my share for the house and the children.

You see, I do not even keep a nurse for the little ones, it is so pleasant and comfortable to care for them myself, and know that they are not neglected or abused, and I do most of my house work.

How hard this terrible war is making it for many of our neighbors. There was a member of our church who enlisted last spring, leaving a wife and four beautiful children. He was a very strong, healthy man, and had no thought of dying for years to come, so he did not even leave a will, thinking his wife could manage everything till he came home at the end of three months, for she is a very capable woman. But in six weeks his remains were brought home for interment.

It was a pitiful thing to witness the grief of his wife and children. Horace preached a beautiful sermon on the uncertainty of life and the danger of delay in preparing for death. This strong man, who had gone out in the confidence of his strength, had been smitten by pneumonia, as his regiment was encamped on the low damp grounds near Cairo, and in one short week, his life was ended. There was a great concourse of people attended, for Lieutenant Camp was a great favorite.

Horace does preach wonderful funeral sermons, I wish you could hear him on these occasions. I selected the hymns, and assisted the choir in preparing music for the occasion, but Miss Wilder relieved me of all responsibility about the organ. She is really invaluable in her department.

I must tell you that we are having a little quiet amusement, Horace and I, over the infatuation of our good Brother Turner. He has grown deeply interested in his daughter's musical education, and frequently urges Miss Wilder to accompany him and Mary home to spend the night. She goes occasionally, and I think she fancies that he is desirous of promoting a match between her and his eldest son, but we think his attentions have a more personal meaning.

The Elder is at least twice her age, and though Horace thinks him a man of great shrewdness in business matters, yet he is really quite uncultivated, and but for the dye stuff the barber uses, would be really gray. I fear he is doomed to a sad disappointment.

Brother Turner thinks if Horace had a few hundred dollars to invest in his business of supplying beef to the army, he could add a good deal to our income. But, of course we have not been able to save anything since we got settled here, and so, unless you should think best to help us a little in this way, we must lose the opportunity. I do not like to ask it, for I feel that you have already given me my share in dear father's estate, but

Horace thought I ought not to neglect this opportunity of probably doubling the money by this investment.

With tenderest love for you and Lilly, with whom I deeply sympathize,

I remain your dutiful daughter,

PHILLIPIA MENLOE WALWORTH.

P. S.—The babies are well, and grow more lovely every day. It is really cruel that you and Lilly cannot enjoy them while they are so charming. Horace sends love to both of you.

P. M. W.

This letter was the first from Phillipia that had betrayed to the mother any defect in the character of her son-in-law, though she had noticed, during a brief visit, a certain want of consideration for the comfort of his wife, beautifully covered with affectionate demonstrations, it is true, but still to the mother's eye apparent. He seldom thought to look after the supply of fuel, but left his wife to bring in the coal, and to carry out the ashes when there was no help that could be relied upon, though he kissed her when he went out, and the water, which had to be drawn up by a heavy windlass, he allowed her to draw herself.

No wonder the "mother-in-law" has been a terror to selfish, unprincipled men. When their gibes fill the newspapers of the land, it is an open confession of their own failures as husbands and fathers. A good husband is pretty sure of developing a good mother-in-law, and a selfish one a bad mother-in-law.

After reading, and re-reading her daughter's letter, Mrs. Menloe wrote a guarded reply to this effect:

ROCKLAND, *November 1, 1861.*

My Darling Phillipia:

Yours is at hand. Poor Lilly is bitterly cast down by her disappointment, for you know she has been too tenderly reared to know how to fortify herself against sorrow. I fear I have guarded her too carefully to have been really kind and generous with the dear girl, but she has been so frail that I felt unwilling to have a rough breeze assail her, and now she withers under the first real blast.

What she will do, should any severe anguish come, such as

death, or grievous wounds, it is hard to imagine. But we are here to endure, and we must not shrink at any light touch of affliction.

I regret to hear that Horace has been so badly advised. His maladies seem to me the result of a sedentary life, combined with too little real care. Do not encourage his smoking for that will engender disease. Do not hear to the indulgence in patent medicines. It is always unsafe. One does not know what drugs may be introduced, nor how inappropriate they may be for the condition of the supposed invalid. They are often liable to induce disease rather than to be beneficial. I have known some sad results from their use, and I confess to a dread of them.

Wisely, my dear daughter, draw him to think himself better without, than with them.

If he could be out more, and take a little vigorous exercise, it would, I am sure, do him good. I remember that some of our ablest physicians have prescribed gymnastics as a relief from too great prostration induced by study and want of exercise. Often a little sawing of wood and splitting of kindling is just as efficacious as any system of gymnastics, and that is inexpensive.

It is told of Rev. Lyman Beecher that he used to shovel sand in his cellar between his Sunday exercises, so that he might eat a wholesome dinner and avoid dyspepsia.

These things should be wisely suggested, but I am sure they would be beneficial to many.

As to the money, I could not at present draw any more from the business without reducing my income below my probable needs. I have tried to carry out your father's desire in the management of the estate, and, as you suggest, you have already received your full share.

My dear child, I deeply sympathize with you in your anxieties. May you and yours be always under the guidance of divine wisdom. Remember me very kindly to Horace and kiss the dear babies for grandma and Aunt Lilly, who joins me in most devoted love.

Your ever affectionate mother,

A. E. MENLOE.

With surprise, almost with anger, the dear devoted wife read this letter from her mother. How could she give such bold suggestions. If her dear Horace needed cigars and patent medi-

cines, she and her children must do without some things they had fancied essential, so that he could be supplied. And yet, she did wish Horace did not think the two articles essential to his comfort. She laid the letter carefully aside and when the subject of money again came up, she merely delivered her mother's kind message of love, and said that she could not dispose of any more shares in the mill property at present, and so the matter was for the present passed over. But the vims of speculation had infused itself into the brain of this specious man, who was not now for the first time cheating himself and paving the way for betraying others.

The people around him were full of the earnest enthusiasm of the war. The partial defeats of our Northern soldiers, were stirring the hearts of men, women, and even children. The one thought of the masses was "News from the army." Elder Turner had his lips often to the ear of his pastor, whispering that the Union could never be saved—the South was stronger than the North, especially when they had so much support even in the midst of the North, while the South was solid for secession. Valandingham, whom he considered a very shrewd politician, was fully persuaded that the South would not only repel the North, but would carry the institution of slavery even to Bunker Hill, and Toombs had threatened to do it.

Under these circumstances, it was no small trial to decide what to do. A brilliant young Methodist minister, full of zeal for the Union cause had preached some rousing war sermons that had thrilled the hearts of the people and his congregation was manifestly increasing, while Walworth's was falling off. He finally decided upon a series of sermons on preparation for Eternity, in which he could use the awful experiences of the war, giving thrilling accounts of battles and the fearful and terrible losses of life.

It suited his genius, and he wrote with a facility that he had not shown for months. But the rally he made was only tempo-

rary. The women had formed soldiers' aid societies all around, and their village became an important center. When any war news came the flag was raised, and the ladies gathered together to scrape lint and make bandages, or to get ready the supplies of butter and vegetables already demanded by the nearer hospitals.

Among those who had gone out with such brave hearts, one after another had succumbed to sickness, or been wounded in skirmish or battle, so that many were beginning to wear mourning.

But prices were advancing, and our old friend Turner was lining his pockets to good purpose. Scarcely a day passed that he did not meet Mr. Walworth and express his regret that he could not control a little money and double it in less than a year.

Thus tempted and beguiled, Horace Walworth began to suggest to his wife that they might help themselves to a handsome fortune by mortgaging their home for two thousand dollars, and by the end of a year have enough to redeem it, and as much left for further investment.

Mrs. Walworth was not pleased with the suggestion. It had been no small comfort to have this home; and she had inherited from her thrifty New England parents, a great dread of debt under any circumstances.

She only said to her husband in reply to his suggestion, that it might be wise in a pecuniary point of view, but it did not seem to her quite right, as it was a gift from her mother, to take any such step without her approval. She ought to consult her.

"My love," said the Rev. Horace in alarm, "I beg you will do nothing of the kind. Your mother is not your husband, and remember, any reference to her, as to your obligation to obey me, is a direct reflection upon the wisdom and goodness of God in making woman subject to man as her lord and master, even as Christ is Lord over the Church. I did not think it possible that my wife, whom I cherish as the apple of my eye, could so betray me. My love! my love! How could you so doubt my wisdom and my true affection."

"O my dear husband," said Phillippia as the tears rained over her face, "how hard it is, if our duty to our parents must be all set aside for our love to our husbands. Ought the two to conflict? God has said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and this was my earliest lesson. I never thought it could conflict with that other and sacred duty of obedience to the husband. Believe me, dear, I had no thought of setting aside your commands: but, indeed, I did not think you could desire to command me in such a matter as this."

"For your own good, and for the good of your husband and children, I am sure it would be right for me even to command; but that I shall not do. Your compliance with my desire must be voluntary," and with the air of one who had need to forgive much, he walked out of the house.

Poor Phillippia could not now go to her closet and pray, and seek consolation in solitude, for her children were both crying, and she had to soothe them as well as she could. When this was done, and Menloe had again turned to his play, and the baby had mused himself to sleep, she went about getting tea, sobbing as though her heart would break. She had a feeling that if she gave her consent to this measure, it would be the beginning of an unwise course that would end in driving them from their home. But she tried to control all expression of feeling, and at last so far succeeded that she was able to meet her husband and Elder Turner whom he had invited to tea, with outward composure.

"A good evenin' Sister Walworth," said the Elder shaking hands with uncommon unction. "Brother Walworth urged me to come and take tea, and as Mary and Miss Wilder have gone to sing for a soldiers' aid meeting at O., I thought it would be rather lonesome to our house."

"It is neighborly of you, I am sure to come, Brother Turner," said Phillippia, trying to be cheerful. "It seems to be quite the thing now to get up such concerts, and I am sure they must be doing a great deal of good. I saw Mrs. Harlan's son the other

day when he was home on sick furlough, and he said it was a sight that made the boys' hearts glad when the ladies from the Evansville Aid Society came to the hospital and looked after them. The physician in charge was accompanying them as they passed through inspecting the hospital. Harry Harlan lay with his head on a straw pillow, through which some brambles were pricking his neck and ears. One of the ladies, who had been listening to the boast of the surgeon that everything was as comfortable as possible, was so fascinated by his pale sunken face and glittering eyes, that she turned back and came to the side of his cot. He whispered, "Feel of my pillow if you want to know how comfortable we are." She felt it and exclaimed, "You poor boy! We provided soft pillows! And how do you fare? Have you had any fruit or jellies that we have sent?" "Not any," said he. "We think the fare pretty hard."

She went out and called the surgeon back, her dark eyes blazing with indignation. "Feel this pillow surgeon" said she. "Are all these cots supplied with such soft pillows? Our ladies sent a full supply of good feather pillows, and this is the way our poor boys fare is it? I would like to know what is being done with the fruits we have sent here. These boys, just recovering from fever, need such things. They have been accustomed to them and we mean they shall have them."

"Harry said the surgeon fairly quailed before the little beauty, and tried to apologize saying that as soon as it was deemed safe, they would see that the boys had the benefit of their benefactions." "It must be hard for boys that have never known hardship to fare as I hear many of them do."

"I make no doubt that is so, Sister Walworth, and I feel mighty pleased that my boys aint any of 'em in sich a place as that. But we must all be patriotic in one way or another. Now I and my boys is doin' all we can to supply good beef critters to the army, and you must allow that is helpin' on, some considerable. Now some contractors is doin' mighty mean, sendin' off

old hard worked oxen afore they git fatted up, and it makes powerful tough eatin'. Et a man sends good beef he is helpin' keep the army up. Don't you say so Brother Walworth?"

"That has been my thought," replied Mr. Walworth. "In a great military movement, it is hard to say what department is most important unless it is the supply department. Soldiers must be fed, and well fed, or they cannot stand long marches, and fight bravely. I do think the supply question very important."

"Well that's been my idee from the fust, Sister Walworth, and I take pains to put a good coat of fat on all the old critters I sell; the young stock don't take fat easy, but the old uns, well worked down and turned out inter a cornfield put on a splendid lot o' fat in a few weeks and they git real tender comin' inter a sort of new growth," said the Elder beamingly.

"I was not aware of this," replied Mrs. Walworth.

"Now," continued he, "I expect to make a good lot of money by doin' jist this. I buy up oxen that have been pritty well worked down, and jest turn 'em into the cornfield, and in a few weeks I have a lot of A 1, tu turn over tu the government. I tell Brother Walworth ef he had a couple o' thousand dollars now to invest, he could make a little fortin' in a short time. Money turns over fast in sich a bizness, and its a pity but he could try it."

"Ministers are not likely to have a great deal of money to invest," she said, deprecatingly.

Elder Turner was about to expatiate on the matter, but just at this crisis the baby wakened, and his mother went to the crib to take him up. He seemed feverish, and presently began to show signs of real illness. The mother's alarm turned the tide of conversation. The child had always been such a healthy, happy little fellow, that this sudden attack seemed very unaccountable.

"Strange how sich Providences du occur!" said the Elder piously. "Shall I go for the doctor?" "If you will, Brother

Turner," said the alarmed mother, who began to fear spasms. With the celerity that mothers only know how to attain, she had directed Horace to get the baby's bath tub and a pail of warm water, while she disrobed him, and when the doctor came after half an hour's delay, the little fellow seemed relieved. The doctor looked wise, prescribed a teaspoonful of castor oil and retired. Not one of those three men could have fathomed the cause of that sudden attack, the result of the mother's anguish in her conflict between obedience to her husband and reverence to her mother. Many a babe has thus been offered up a sacrifice to ignorance on the part of the mother, and authority unwisely exercised on the part of the father. If the mother cannot nurse her child in a condition of comfortable equipoise, better feed it from the milch cow, that grazes quietly in the pasture. The illness of the baby for a time turned the Elder and his pastor aside from their scheme, and after a few days, things took their usual way.

But Phillipia had been stirred up to a sense of impending danger. In the midst of her reflections she recalled some words of Mrs. Turner, which at the time had seemed quite incongruous, "Du your duty as a wife, and stick tu yer money ef yer hav' any."

Had it come to this, that she felt like accepting the fact of a divided life? Was she losing confidence in her husband, and seeking out ways of safety that set her apart from him? Better die at once, than live to distrust either his honor or his practical wisdom, and feel compelled to stand alone, and look to her own abilities, and even to appeal to God as against the conduct or wisdom of her husband.

God and our sympathizing Elder brother, alone know how many disillusion good women have lived over, with outward calm, trusting the humiliating secret of their bitter disappointment to His ears alone, and learning from the Holy Spirit of truth, the patience and silence that have kept them faithful to themselves, and to the highest duty, while all the flowers of fresh

young love have faded, and no true fruitage has grown in their stead.

The result of her bitter draught was not a wise resolve to keep her home, which she could have done, as the laws of the State then permitted, but to sacrifice all to her husband's demands, and even her own life if that could make him happy.

In the meantime, he held long counsels with Elder Turner, and became more and more feeble in health. The deacon had advised him to try lager beer, and this was his daily solace, together with occasional new bottles of patent medicine.

Had any one said to his wife, "Your husband is in danger of intemperance," she would have hotly resented it. She patiently assisted him about writing his sermons, read to him, talked with him, and regretted that her education was so far inferior to his own that she could not enjoy the classics, for his sake. She was sure it would be such a delight to him; though if the truth were candidly told, he had no sense of privation in this direction.

He had not taken high honors, either in Latin, Greek or Hebrew, and he repeated with genuine sincerity, his old compliment, that he preferred her just as she was, and never admired strong minded women; and the equivocal compliment comforted her immensely. How fortunate for her that her dear husband was not exacting, but was content with her mental inferiority.

CHAPTER XVII.

Says Swedenborg: "A soldier, if he be in love of military service, and is sensible of good in the protection of the State, or in his own fame from that good, and according to it, he procures to himself the science of his profession, and if he be in command, of its intelligence. These are as truths, by which the delight of his love, which is its good, is nourished." With this spirit Edward Langdon had gone into the military service of his country,

"the good in the protection of the State," was his highest motive. Thus, he neglected no duty, however trivial it might seem.

He perfected himself in the new cavalry regulations then just issued, which were to this effect, as detailed in his first letter after the regiment was really on the enemies' ground.

CAMP JACKSON, NEAR ST. LOUIS, *October, 1861.*

My Darling Wife:

Here we are, in sight, as it were, of conflict. Already Fremont has done some daring deeds. He is making his way to Western Missouri, taking for his body guard Major Zagonyi's battalion of cavalry. This Zagonyi is a daring fellow, and some of his dashes will some day read like a romance. From all I can learn, Gen. Fremont really comprehends this war question better than any other one of the department commanders. He does not intend to defend the property of the master in slaves, recognizing as he does, the real purpose of this rebellion.

Now you will understand that the cavalry and infantry do not march together, unless the proximity of the enemy makes it necessary. This may explain how Zagonyi happened to be so far from the infantry.

I find this in the new army regulation and I write you a copy that you may have a clear idea of how we appear marching through the country, and so you may better comprehend our duties: "In cavalry marches when distant from the enemy, each regiment, and, if possible, each squadron, forms a separate column in order to keep the same gait from front to rear, and to trot, when desirable, on good ground. In such cases, the cavalry may leave camp later and can give more rest to their horses and more attention to the shoeing and harness. Horses are not bridled till time to start

"Cavalry should be distributed in echelon, on the wings and at the center, on favorable ground.

"When it is necessary to dismount cavalry and send them to the trenches, they should be employed as near their camp as possible, and posted between the detachments of infantry.

"Men belonging to the cavalry may, in assaults, be employed in carrying fascines and other materials, to fill ditches or make passages.

"The general officers of cavalry are more particularly employed in the service of posts and detachments placed in observa-

tion to protect the siege. They, and the field officers of this arm are employed in the command of escorts to convoys of whatever arms the escorts may be composed. When these duties are not sufficient to employ them, they take their share of the duty of the trenches.

"Mixed brigades are sometimes formed of infantry and light cavalry, especially for the advanced guards.

"The light cavalry is employed as flankers and partisans, and generally for all service out of the line.

"Heavy cavalry belongs to the reserve, and is covered, when necessary, in marches, camps or bivouacs, by light troops or infantry of the line.

"The arrangement of troops on parade, and in order of battle is: 1st, the light infantry; 2d, infantry of the line; 3d, light cavalry; 4th, cavalry of the line; 5th, heavy cavalry."

I have copied thus far that you may read the reports of skirmishes, battles and retreats with a clearer understanding of the uses and the methods of this arm of the service. I want you to feel as though you saw us as we "go marching on," each column in such perfect step that you would almost think it moved as by one pulse-beat. I must confess that the perfect discipline of army life is not irksome to me, but rather the reverse. Of course we have had no real service yet, but have simply done a little reconnoitering, and I presume that for some time to come, it will be our main business. I shall like the stir this is likely to give, far better than any other duty that may be assigned. It gives us pleasant exercise, it taxes our observation, it prevents a sense of ennui.

Now, my darling, you ask me what you shall do about teaching, this coming winter. Did you think I had married you to use my authority over you? I believe the chaplain forgot, or neglected to make you promise to obey, so I suppose you will use your own good judgment and pleasure, just as you have been doing hitherto, guided by the wisdom of your father and mother. But, if you were in the army, and I was at home, I am sure I should desire some absorbing occupation, that would keep me from constant anxiety. Yet, I entreat you not to undertake too much. That is all the suggestion I desire to make. How long our separation may last, I know not, but believe much will depend on the general spirit of the powers at Washington. But whether long or short, it is an inexpressible comfort to be able to

call you my wife. I do not fear any tempting princes in my absence, but if there were any to make their appearance, I am sure my Penelope would be wise and true enough to outwit them all. I know that every night your prayer ascends to the Father of mercies for me, as mine does for you, my heart's dearest.

Adieu my wife, my dearest self,

EDWARD.

It was thus the two young lovers, and many others whom this new and terrible war experience was separating, tried to comfort one another, while the great tide of time swept on engulfing so many, and leaving such a multitude of homes desolate.

Lawyers and courts were busy settling estates, the weeds of mourning enshrouded many a face that only a few months ago had beamed with pride as the lover or husband had gone away in all the bright trappings of martial glory.

Annette had found a position as teacher in an academy at the county seat, and with a brave resolve not to fall below her husband's expectations, she had commenced her work. On Saturday afternoons she went to the sanitary rooms, and solaced herself by working hard for the soldiers. A few ladies in the State had taken cognizance of the need of some change in the laws to meet the pending emergency, and in some measure protect the women who were so sadly bereaved.

How strange are the limitations of the human intellect. While we are ready to sacrifice life, fortune and sacred honor for a conviction, we will, even in the midst of our warfare for a principle most dear, turn and stab it to the heart when we see its face, and do not recognize it of kindred blood, or of the same sex.

It was during the first winter after the commencement of the war that Capt. Langdon received the following letter from his wife.

R——, *February, 1862.*

My Darling Husband:

Your letters are my great solace during these bitter months. To know that you are well and cheerfully doing your duty is always a comfort. But sometimes my hopes for my country are

not as brilliant as I could desire. The course pursued towards Gen. Fremont has stirred up my wrath to a high pitch. He saw the real *casus belli* and met it as it seems to me, as a wise man ought. Are we sacrificing so much to help guard the slaves or return them to their masters? If so, better sound a retreat and march home at once. I have heard some strange confidential revelations, which show me why he was superseded. They come from a reliable source and I think are true. He had encountered many obstacles in his work of organizing and arming his soldiers in his department, and was just beginning to make actual war, which seems contrary to the hesitating, slipshod methods of our Eastern Generals. Then he refused to become a party in some army speculations, that got him the ill will of some who are in Mr. Lincoln's immediate confidence, and they possibly fear exposure. He has been prompt and efficient in pushing things forward. Commodore Foote told a friend that while Fremont was in command of the department, he was never annoyed with needless delays in furnishing material for his gunboats, and men were never refused him for his work. After Halleck came, there were perplexing delays. Then the rescinding of the order of emancipation in his department, they regard as instigated by those whose fears for their own honor were only too well grounded.

It seems to me that is the only way by which a blessing can rest on our arms, the freeing of the slaves as a war measure. I am not disposed to criticise Mr. Lincoln, for he is not always surrounded by wise advisers, nor can he fully understand the will, or sentiments of the people.

But there is another matter that has stirred me up to a higher pitch of ire than anything I have ever heard.

One of our ladies who has done a great deal in sanitary work, and who in the Kansas troubles gave very effective aid, went with petitions signed by some of our best citizens to our legislature at Springfield, asking for a change in the law, which, especially at this time, seems very reasonable, so that in case of the decease of a husband, intestate, where the estate is not above five thousand dollars, the wife should remain in possession, and use the property with only the same limitations that pertain to the man when the wife dies. She should be held responsible for the debts against the estate, and for the nurture and proper care of the children, precisely as the father is held in case of the death of the mother. Now in view of the present state of affairs this

seemed only the most just and reasonable thing to ask. But what do you suppose was the result? I heard the story from one of my neighbors who was in Springfield at the time. The petitions were presented by a Senator, when one of our army officers, Col. ———, who had got a furlough so as to fill his seat in the Senate and draw his pay for the two offices, proposed to refer them to an unsuitable committee, which is contrary to the rules established, and suggested to this committee a burlesque report. It was done, and a few days after, the lady being in the Senate conversing with one of the members on some philanthropic scheme, the report was read. It was too vile to be published, yet all the members, from the Lieutenant Governor down, laughed over it as an excellent joke. The shame of it was, that it was done by members of the Republican party, whom this lady had actively aided from its very birth. Some of the Democratic members met her as she was going out, too much humiliated to even speak her resentment, and they expressed their shame and sorrow that a lady should be so treated. You see it was trampling under foot, not only the sacred right of petition, but dishonoring their own mothers.

But our enemy was soon slain. The man who had defiled his manhood by this shameful report, had a drunken debauch with some of his comrades, and before she left the city the papers announced his death from heart disease, though it was well known it was delirium tremens. When I heard this story, I felt that I should never petition any mortal legislature for anything less than my right of suffrage. When I think of these things, and hear men deride "strong minded women," I wonder if we are really worth saving as a Nation.

God is good, and has no limit to His patience, while men turn their faces towards the truth, even though they are so very far from it, but runs to meet the returning prodigal while he is yet afar off, so I hope on.

I am glad you are manly enough, not only to claim your own rights, but to also concede to others the same justification of their rights that you demand, for otherwise I could not have esteemed, much less loved you. And not to have known and loved you, would have been an irreparable misfortune.

I hope you will be able to do something wisely for the deliverance of the slave from his bondage. It is terrible that it must come through war, but if in no other way, why this is better

than the continuance of wrong. If a member is afflicted with deadly disease, better cut it off than that the whole body should perish.

May God's mercy keep you in all your going out and coming in, is the constant prayer of

Your faithful and loving wife,

ANNETTE.

As time wore on, and the people became impatient of the ineffectual measures that seemed to prevail in the army of the Potomac, Northern men, old friends and neighbors of Mr. Lincoln, went to Washington and tried to in some way give strength and purpose to those who were, figuratively speaking, in a vault, into which only a few rays of the sun could penetrate. One of the representatives from Illinois said to an old political friend, "How do the people feel! Will they sustain Congress and the President if they venture to say the words, Confiscation and Emancipation?"

"They are demanding it. Gen. Butler has made himself famous by his word "Contraband," and if you have any regard for the will of the masses you will move in that direction."

"I wish the *people* would move in that direction. If, for instance, the people in my district would get up a petition to that effect, I should be obliged to present it and that would lead to a great discussion."

"I think I know some one who will undertake this," said his constituent, and he returned home and mentioned the matter to a lady who had sent all her sons to the army, and who now, after caring for the affairs of the home, found time for National work.

"Yes," said Mrs. Harlan, "I have already had this in mind, and am corresponding with some parties in regard to it. You know one must have some small means to get printing done and to start out on, and then I think I can work my way."

So Mrs. Harlan went on with her work, writing to many of the Union Leagues, and stating the fact that the government at

Washington desired an expression of their opinion, so freely given at home, but so little expressed to their servants at Washington.

It was wonderful to see how quickly men responded to this thought when it was put in form for them. On the cars she would hear men discussing the stupidity of the government and almost cursing the delays, and the brilliant reviews of McClellan's splendid army, which even a French prince could admire. He could also wonder at and deprecate the strange delays. Was this young General withheld, that the sentiment of justice might grow and the people yet demand the measures that should fulfill the divine purpose? The restraints that now withheld from one race freedom to grow into a truer and grander capacity for obedience to the divine will, must be removed. "Let this people go that they may serve me."

When Mrs. Harlan heard murmurs from men of apparent influence, she would put her petitions into their hands and inquire if they had made it their business to write to their members and keep them posted as to the character of public sentiment. "Remember they are your servants, and they await your instructions."

Members began to receive letters and petitions and to compare notes, and so the ark of the Lord moved forward. Did the great and wise men know that they were led by the hand of a woman?

In the meantime, the sanitary work was assuming vast proportions in the hands of the women. In Chicago Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hoag organized for a great western work. They gave of their abundance, they gave of their penury. The rich woman came with her baskets full of soft cloths for bandages, and stores of fruits and jellies, the poor washer-woman whose husbands and sons had gone at the call of patriotism, came with her cheerful shining face, to give half a day to scraping lint, making bandages or underwear such as could be used by wounded men. Teachers were giving up their positions and offering themselves as nurses.

It is wonderful to watch the development of a grand spirit of patriotism, which sweeps away all littleness, tramples down all pettiness and exalts the humblest to a divine sympathy. This was shown on both sides in many individual cases, where wounded enemies were treated like brethren of one family.

It is such emergencies as these that make us know that the poorest spirited are worth saving.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Good is of the will; truth is of the understanding." Sometimes could we understand this, we might be saved from much evil. We may desire the good of others, a sentiment growing out of our affectional nature, but to really see and comprehend what will be truly good, there must be understanding. And this celestial attendant of man must stand out boldly and assert her right to be the guide and helper.

Phillipia had a soul full of good will, but she had been taught to distrust her own understanding of truth. So, as the autumn glided into winter, and her husband kept up his importunities, and her own health became again precarious, she began to waver in her purpose to assert her right to have and to hold her own home. Horace would say: "My love, should any special dispensation of Providence remove you from your family, would it not be well to have something invested in my name, so that I could use it for the benefit of our little ones?"

"It might be, dear," she would reply, and then he would dilate on the value of having money where it could be used in so wise a manner that they would soon be really independent.

About the new year, he brought in his good friend Brother Turner, who was prepared with a special mortgage, technically known as a "snap mortgage," which gave no time to the debtor to recover himself, but was absolutely a deed in case of the failure to meet interest or first payment. Phillipia did not even

read it. Her husband said: "It is all right, my love," and she accepted it with a full conviction that it was all wrong, which she tried to smother.

The Elder had consented to indorse the note at the bank, holding this mortgage as his security. The interest was exorbitant, but this was thought to be a trivial matter and the Rev. Horace was satisfied. The investment was in his own name, and he felt his importance as a man, greatly enhanced.

One bright May morning, a little daughter was laid in the bosom of the young mother, who accepted it with tender gratitude, and tried to feel that this new care would not be too great for her strength. Her mother came a few days after, and kindly ministered to her necessities, and proposed taking little Horace home with her as she felt that her daughter's hands would be more than full.

Horace had entreated her not to mention to Mrs. Menloe that the place was mortgaged, as being only a woman, she could know very little about the wisdom of such an investment. Phillipia hesitated. Would not there be some want of good faith in thus withholding from her mother what she really ought to know? He silenced her questioning by telling her that it was not only his pleasure but his will that she should keep this secret inviolate. So the burthen was passed to her unresisting shoulders and she was comforted with the consideration that she was doing her duty to her husband, and that she had really no choice in the matter. Obedience was the first law. And then she said: "Peace between him and me is more than life. I could not endure existence if he really disapproved of me."

Mrs. Menloe was not quite happy in her daughter's condition, though everything was outwardly serene. She saw that there was some falling away from Mr. Walworth's church, that some whom she had formerly met seemed almost estranged, and she fancied that Phillipia was not the frank, light hearted woman she had been when she last saw her. Then the "ill health," the plea

of suffering from "malaria" was such a constant apology for bitters of one sort and another, and of daily use of lager beer, that it gave her anxiety. She chided herself and would not really admit her fears, yet Horace was growing rather stout, and his full cheeks were becoming of that dark red that we sometimes see in people who are more than generous livers. Could she warn her daughter? That might be perilous. Could she speak warningly to her son-in-law? That would never do. The man's supremacy must be acknowledged and maintained.

She could see no other course but to do all she could for her daughter's comfort, and then return to her own home. So all the clothing for the children was reviewed and repaired, and new dresses made for their mother and the Rev. Horace's garments carefully revised, the house put in perfect order, a tolerably competent housemaid secured, and then she would hasten home.

Mr. Walworth had hitherto shown great fondness for his mother-in-law, but some how he had grown somewhat restrained, and seldom entered into free conversation. Elder Turner was a frequent guest, and they seemed to have some business consultations that she could not account for.

One day she said to Phillipia, "Elder Turner and Horace seem to have a great deal of business to discuss. Does he find it so very hard to raise his salary?"

"I think it is rather hard since the war. You know some of our members are in the army and some have died, and the estates are in the hands of the lawyers, and so a great many find it difficult to pay much. But I suppose we ought to have our share of privation with the rest."

"At least you have your husband at home, and that is a comfort," said the mother. "Poor Lilly lives in mortal suspense. She says if she should survive Oliver, life would not be worth living. I try to make her feel that duty is more to us than happiness, that if we are called to suffer for its sake, some compensating joy will come. I think little Horace will be a great

comfort to her, and that is one reason why I am anxious to take him home with me, and I see his father will not miss him. Children do not seem to interest him as they did your father."

"No, I suppose a student is not so likely to be attracted by their cunning ways as a business man, though Horace is really very considerate and careful of them, I do assure you. He thinks there were never two such bright little fellows as our boys, and I am sure he is delighted with baby Nelly.

"Yes, doubtless," said her mother. "Our own crows are whitest, are they not babies?" and the fond grandmother stooped and patted their golden curls.

That evening Elder Turner called and wanted to see Brother Walworth in his study. He was led thither by the Rev. Mr. Walworth in person, the latter wondering what calamity had befallen his worthy friend, who seated himself on the divan and bowing down his face between his hands, gave way to sighs and moans.

"What is the trouble, Brother Turner?" inquired his pastor. "Any business losses? Anything amiss about army contracts?"

"Brother Walworth, my heart is jist broke. O, the faithlessness of women!" was the piteous response.

"What can you mean, Brother Turner?" anxiously inquired his pastor. "Who can have in any way proved faithless to you?"

The Elder was too much affected to speak for some minutes, but finally drawing out a highly perfumed pocket handkerchief, he wiped his bedewed eyes, and began his confession.

"Mebbe you'll think I've been foolish, but really Brother Walworth, how could I help it. Miss Wilder has been, so tu say, jist as sweet as honey, all the time since fust she came. My Mary was her fust scholar, and I bought the fust pianner she sold here, and I've took her and Mary out ridin' many's the time, and she's been to my house with Mary and staid, time and agin, and played and sung with Mary and the boys, and I've waited on

her tu suppers, and bought lots o' jimeracks when she had a table, and she was always as sweet an' smilin' as could be."

"Well, I don't see anything amiss in that, said Mr. Walworth, who though not keenly alive to the ludicrous began to find it hard to look duly sympathetic.

"That is about what she said tu me this evenin' when she spoke tu me ter say good by. She's gone East. She said she was greatly beholden to my kindness for makin' her stay here agreeable, and she hoped I'd accept her grateful acknowledgements. Then I told her, pine blank, that I'd counted on her stayin' and I intended tu marry her."

"O, indeed!" said she kind o' mincin' like, "that is very surprisin' tu me."

"And what did you think of all my intentions ter you?" I ast her. "You must have seen that there was somethin' more than common onto my mind, when I took you round so much in my kerridge, and took you out tu so many suppers and soldiers' aid parties," said I. "Men don't throw away their money for nuthin', and you was old enough to know it." I spoke rather stern like, and she looked dredful kind of fraid. Said she: "Elder Turner, you must forgive me ef I did wrong, but I looked to you as a kind of a father, and I thought mebbe you wanted tu make a match between me and Robert. But we had an understanding a good while ago, and now I'm a goin' down tu Washington to nurse my young man who is sick in one of the hospitals."

"Now jist think on't. All this time she was a purrin' round like a cat, she had her young man, I s'pose, a writin' tu her every week. I tell you Brother Walworth I've lost all faith in human nater."

"Don't be too hard on her, Brother Turner. It is true you do not look old, but then your sons and grandsons betray you. Of course she must have taken your attentions as given in a fatherly sort of way, and as she said, she and Robert had had an understanding, and she most likely inferred that he had told you of the engagement, which, I suppose is of long standing."

"You may excuse her as much as you will, but I tell you its a bitter disappointment and one I sha'n't git over, Brother Walworth."

"I wouldn't be too sure, Brother Turner. This war is leaving a great many likely widows, and a widow, they say, makes a far better wife than an old maid. You see she has learned how to be in subjection, and an old girl usually gets her head set. A man wants a woman he can easily bend to his own will, not one who will bend him to hers. If I am not greatly mistaken, Miss Wilder would be strongly set in her own way."

"You may be right, but she was a mighty tidy, trim body, and I'd lotted on havin' her movin' round my home, and a fixin' things up and a playin' on the pianner, and it seems as though I can't give it up;" and again his head was bowed between his hands.

"Time is a great consoler, Brother Turner and we all have to let the scars grow over more or less."

"But old trees don't heal easy, Brother Walworth, and besides, they haint got time fer it. I tell you its a heart breakin' affair."

The two sat in silence for a few minutes after this, and then Mr. Walworth asked, "How about business now, Brother Turner?"

"Fust rate, Brother Walworth. But I say, your wife wont say nothin' ter her mother?"

"Bless your heart, no. She regards my pleasure too highly for that, and besides, the good woman goes home soon."

"The sooner the better, in my opinion. She has mighty sharp sight, that woman has, and it aint a good thing in a woman," moralized Brother Turner. "I could tell some 'sperence in that direction, but—well, let the dead rest in peace is my motto. But Molly did see right through a feller, lights and all, and my Betsey takes arter her powerfully. Du you know, Brother Walworth she refuses tu put a cent inter my bizness, and she and her

boys is a managin' things right along. Only last week she bought a lot of steers and is a fatten' of 'em for the Chicago market, likewise a dozen shoats ter follow up in the cornfield. She knows how things is done."

This talk about Betsey of whom he was very proud, even though she refused to be ruled by him, made him quite cheerful and he went down and spent a pleasant evening with the ladies. Mrs. Menloe started home the next day to help bear her share of the great burdens of the Nation, together with a load of anxiety for her patient, elder daughter. She took little Horace with her, and this she hoped would a little lighten the burdens laid upon the young mother.

One day, shortly after Mrs. Menloe had gone Mrs. Camp came to her pastor with the burthen of her woes. She told him that her husband had left no will, and that she had consulted with her own brother, and also with a lawyer, and they had told her she must take out letters of administration, and must have everything appraised and divided and sold if that was best. She had paid out the last ten dollars she had in hand to take out letters of administration, and something would have to be sold to pay the appraisers. "Now," said she, "if my husband had lived, I could have gone on and managed as well as Betsey Byrne; but, according to my lawyer, I've got to sell off my young stock to pay up the debts, when if I could keep things and manage as I want to, I could pay everything by the growth on the young cattle. Then I find I can't be both administrator and guardian and that will make trouble. No two people think just alike about the care of children and it makes it perplexing. What can be done Brother Walworth?"

"My dear Mrs. Camp, you will find it wise to follow the law," replied her pastor, "I find all this discontent with the wise arrangement of courts, very disturbing to the peace of society. A woman is not fit to bring up her family without the care and guidance of men, and the law thus beneficently provides her with

the care of the court when her natural head is taken away. The law says in effect, 'I will be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow.' Follow the law, and you will be all right, Sister Camp."

"Yes, I shall have the use of a third of a small prairie farm, with most of the stock sold, and the children in the care or acting by the advice of somebody outside of the family. And this, while we are giving our heart's dearest for our country. Is it not time that we should have a say in some of these matters? I used to tell Mrs. Harlan I had all the rights I wanted. God forgive me! When my husband is gone, I find I have no rights, only a poor pittance of privilege."

"But Sister Camp—"

"Brother Walworth how much money will be paid in court fees for settling the estates of soldiers during this war do you think? How many snug properties wasted? It is very well to say smooth things, but the truth is hard and bitter, when we have no helper, no day's man to stand between us and the law."

"Sister Camp, let me warn you not to get into this wild way of thinking. It is rebellion against Providence."

"It is rebellion against the injustice of ages, that is what I call it. Let the women who have been as foolish as I have, taste this bitter draught of widowhood, and remember that their sons will grow up in the midst of communities like this, where men drink and license drunkard making, and we shall begin to ask about our rights."

"My dear woman, I see you are growing wild and unreasonable. You had better have a talk with Brother Turner."

"Yes, and have his boys offer your ten year old sons a glass of toddy, and coax them into the shop and tell them that when they are fourteen years old they can choose their own guardians. What do you say to that, Brother Walworth?" With this Parthian arrow, the woman walked out. Mrs. Walworth, who had been in the nursery washing and dressing her baby, could hear

every word and was not a little disturbed by the tone of the conversation. The woman must be greatly excited, but then, what if it should be that her Menloe should be tempted in this way. The mother love was stirring to fight for its young. Already she felt the wings growing, that would beat against the cage.

CHAPTER XIX.

The year of 1862 was one of grand beginnings. The papers were full of such names as Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, Pea Ridge, Island No. 10, etc. Maps were studied, possibilities were suggested, measures criticised. On both sides it was realized that Greek had met Greek. Carnage ran riot. Hospitals were full. Delicate women were offering their services as nurses. The sanitary work was becoming immense. The courage of the people was rising with the pressure brought to bear upon their resources. The great objective point now seemed the Mississippi river, while the real heart of the rebellion was through Tennessee, Alabama, Northern Georgia and West Virginia. Judge Bates had urged the Mississippi campaign; but there lay in the hands of the President and his advisers the Tennessee plan which had been carefully prepared by a woman, and placed in their hands in the fall of 1861; a plan which ultimately saved the Nation, but which was held secretly, no man daring to say we have accepted the saving thought from a woman. This woman was a daughter of Maryland, Miss Anna Ella Carroll, who gave her time and money to the careful consideration and maturing of the scheme of the campaign, and while Grant was vainly striving for the opening of the Mississippi route by his wondrous persistence, statesmen were whispering and shrinking from the acceptance and acknowledgement of the scheme so clearly and wisely laid out. When mentioned, it was said to be the plan of a civilian. At last the plan was accepted, but secretly, for fear of the jealousy of military men, and from that moment success became

possible. In the history of the world, there is nothing more ungrateful than this whole history of the treatment of a noble woman, unless it be the failure to recognize the equal rights of all loyal women, and to secure them the franchise as the guaranty that their just claims shall not be disregarded.

Rebels have been pardoned, murderers restored to the rights of citizenship, but not even this woman has had a pension bestowed, or a reimbursement of her outlay in saving the Nation; and while Congress is discussing back pay to such men as Fitz John Porter, and rescinding the verdicts of court martials, instituting committees of investigation in regard to the Danville outrages and Copiah murders, growing out of violated election laws, this wise woman, who saved the Nation, could not even stand up beside her coachman or gardener, and cast a vote, the true recognition of a sovereign will.

No wonder that brave, wise women have often felt that a great sacrifice had been made almost in vain, for what is a country without justice in its inner parts?

As men fell, the ranks must be filled. More regiments must be made. Then it was that Elder Turner and many of his brethren all over the land, rose up in the sublime dignity of patriotism, and said "We must avoid the draft." Said this pious patriot, to his partner, "Brother Walworth, I lay awake all night a cogitatin' how we can avoid havin' a draft. It pears tu me that it would be sort o' disgracin' to a paterotic town like our'n, and I've made up my mind tu hev a town meetin' specially called, and git a vote to raise tax enough to hire the rekisit number of substitutes. I've been countin' up the voters, and we can kerry it by a big majority. Me and my boys can cast five votes, and the licker men will go in for it with no persuadin' at all, and I can count on all the Irish votes through them, I calculate, specially if they give 'em a drink the day afore 'lection, and a half pint to carry home. The old German's, whose boys is in the army might go agin us, but we can have a clear majority."

"Will that be according to law Brother Turner?" asked Walworth with some slight twinge of conscience.

"We sha'n't do a thing ourselves, I was only suggestin' possibilities. I may say proberbilities, for you know, with them poor fellers, there's nothin' like givin' a taste tu make 'em sociable. Then they haint many on 'em much taxable property, and they wont mind votin' a tax onto other folks for such a paterotic cause."

"I am not sure of your success Brother Turner, and I have some question about its justice; but I dare say you are right in thinking it well to raise such a fund so that there need be no delay in furnishing the requisite number of men at once, on call of the government."

"And as I think of it, the plan grows upon me. What do you say to having me write a leading article on this subject and sending it to some prominent paper?"

"The very thing to be done, Brother Walworth. Now you du that, and I'll git the wires all laid, and we'll du it and git the credit on it inter the bargain."

Needless to say this plan was carried out, all in due order, and the property of patriotic men and women who had given all their sons, and of widows who had long been taxed without voting, and of war widows, and war orphans, all helped to raise the tax so that the draft should not fall on the sons of men like Elder Turner who staid at home and speculated on the necessities of the government, and prayed that the war might go on.

The seed of such men still flourishes, and we see it blossom out in the shape of remonstrants and anti-temperance men and women all over the land. One sometimes feels like asking, "Was it well to save the land for such inheritors?"

"When this tax was to be collected, and one of the Elder's sons went round the county as collector, the Elder received a call from his daughter, Betsey Byrne. She had just got word from her husband. He was in Andersonville, and had written, "For

God's sake Betsey, find some way to send me some grub, or something to get it with, for I am starving."

She laid the letter before her father and said: "Your generous plan to provide substitutes will cost me a hundred dollars a year, while you and the boys stay at home and make money out of the war. That's what I call generous and patriotic. And you might have saved Byrne, if you hadn't been so selfish. It troubles me to know what God will do with such Pharisees.

Her face blazed, as she said this, looking all her wrath out of her yellow eyes at her well appointed father. He, however, closed his own like a cat, and said "he reckoned she warn't any the poorer for the war; and as to Byrne, he was gittin' so intemperate that he wouldn't have amounted to anything if he had staid at home."

She turned away, lest in her wrath she should curse her father.

The next week there was to be a meeting of the Synod at Riverside and Rev. Horace Walworth and Brother Turner attended, both elegantly dressed, the Elder's whiskers more English than ever, and Brother Walworth more impressive in his religious fervor. Both these men made a deep impression. They said much against fanaticism, and trusted that the Church would use its restraining power over the women especially, who were tempted to great publicity by the demands of the war.

This happy reunion of clergy and lay members terminated in a free railroad ride and a grand festival given by some wealthy members of the Church.

It was on this occasion, that Brother Turner was introduced to a worthy widow by the name of Bowen. Her husband had enlisted with the three month's men, and had died in the hospital at Cairo, just before the expiration of the time for which he had enlisted. She had two daughters, one sixteen, the other fourteen. She was herself about forty, a very comely person and well preserved, as she had been one of those fortunate women whom others rejoice to wait upon, and shield from rude encounters.

Her husband had idolized her, and indulged her in every whim, and the neighbors, ungenerous as usual, had said his business failure was due to her extravagance, and that it was in a fit of despair that he had so readily enlisted. Needless to say, she was a most conservative lady, and fully met the taste of Elder Turner and his competent adviser, Rev. Horace Walworth.

"She's a vine," whispered the pastor, "and I will find out the possibilities of the case." The good brother-in-law, to whose hands she had fallen as a precious legacy, was delighted when the advances of the worthy pastor showed him the high honor in store for his wife's sister, and he did all in his power to advance matters.

Mrs. Bowen was altogether different from Miss Wilder, and the Elder began to think he must have had friends in heaven who had interposed in his behalf.

When the time came for return to Auburn, the worthy man had already made such advances that he had permission to write, and also to call, should business take him that way again soon.

Needless to dwell on the sweet and rapid wooing that followed, the letters concocted between the Elder and his confidential pastor—all went smoothly and rapidly, and before two months were over, the proud Elder had transplanted the delicate, clinging vine to his own garden and his house resounded with music and all manner of delights. The daughters were taught to kiss "dear papa" at night and morning, and to make delightful lemonades and punches for him; the *dear* brothers were petted, and all but Mary seemed floating in an atmosphere of bliss. As for that damsel, she was, at present, maid of all work, and might have remained so to the end, had not Betsey come to the rescue and declared she could not get on in her trouble without her company.

The new Mrs. Turner did not object. She was diplomatic. So when Mary was gone, she suggested that as the boys were all

over age, and doing business for themselves, it would be best for them to board out of the house, as so large a family would be too hard for her and her dear girls to manage.

This strategic point gained, a good stout Irish girl was installed in the kitchen, and Brother Turner's days began to glide on in elegant ease and domestic felicity.

Mrs. Walworth saw all this, and once in a while, as she sat alone while her husband spent the evening playing checkers at the Elder's she almost fancied she heard the former Mrs. Turner chuckling and whispering, "I told you jist how it would be."

CHAPTER XX.

Looking over the histories of that fearful four years' of war, and comparing the scant record left of all that thrilled the people, one feels like a wanderer returned after many years to a familiar home. The records are scarcely the skeletons of that mighty past. Then people were on the watch for the daily news, not a movement of the army that did not involve the special interests of many hearts. Letters from the brave soldier boys were carried to the sanitary rooms and read and re-read. One old grandmother used to say to Annette Langdon, "My dear, I have to watch the whole line. Not a move can be made from Colorado to South Carolina, but some of my own dear ones are involved." And so it was. Langdon's regiment had been active in scouting and watching the movements of the enemy, destroying railroad communications, and doing all that could well be done to harass the foe. He had been unharmed, and reported himself in good condition.

But a sad grief had befallen the Wilsons. Charley had enlisted and belonged to the army of the Cumberland and in a skirmish had been taken prisoner, and was said to be in a small prison in Alabama and would soon be transferred to Andersonville, now the great Southern prison. These loving women,

mothers and sisters of soldiers, with sore hearts, but with silent lips, lived on and did their duty, never faltering, never flinching, seldom weeping unless death itself unlocked the flood gates of their awful anguish.

The bright letters from Langdon kept his wife from absolute heart break, but she was wearing to a shadow. She wanted something more stirring than teaching, and so she undertook to do some work for the sanitary commission, that would take her out of herself.

While engaged in this work there came the news of that terrible battle at Stone River. Her husband now wrote her: "Hitherto I have found no favor among men or officers when I have hinted at emancipating and arming the Negroes. But this terrible fight has shown our men that the time is at hand when this measure is called for. Now it may be discussed. Now it may be argued for; the soldiers see the need of help and will accept it from any quarter."

She had not intended to speak in public, but it became necessary to make explanations about sanitary work and before she was aware of it, she was earnestly pleading the cause of the soldiers and the need of sustaining the government.

As she spoke, words poured in on her in torrents, and she was surprised to find how strong an impression resulted from these efforts. She wrote her husband that she was becoming that notorious creature, a "strong-minded woman," and was not only begging for sanitary supplies, but urging the men to instruct the government that it is time to proclaim emancipation as a war policy.

He answered commending her work, and saying that she could do more to save the life of the Nation by pleading for this "policy of justice" than he could by all the military dash that might lie in his way.

It was on one of these sanitary expeditions that she came into the neighborhood of the Walworths. A large audience was

gathered in the M. E. Church, but care had been taken to invite the Rev. Mr. Walworth and the members of his congregation to take part in the exercises.

It was not till the close of the meeting, when the earnestness and simple womanliness of the speaker had carried all hearts, and won for the commission important co-operation, that the Rev. Horace learned that this was the wife of his old chum. He was profuse in his compliments, commended her work for the soldiers, but hinted that it was a most dangerous thing to speak of emancipation. The Nation would not bear it, the army would revolt from it.

She answered only, "My brother is in Andersonville."

He went home to his wife and said in his most wheedling tones, "My love, I have seen a sad sight. The wife of my old college chum was actually the speaker of the evening. What a home will she ever make? If you should ever go upon the platform, my darling, I would leave you. It is so unnatural."

"But, my dear, what was there so revolting? Is she a great coarse, masculine woman with a rough voice and bad manners?"

"O certainly not. She is not large, she is not rough, her voice is pleasant and not loud, but it is the fact of her publicity. Is not that enough?"

"I hope she spoke collectedly and well. I am sure I should be ashamed to hear a woman speak in a wild, incoherent manner," said his wife. "It always pains me to think of a woman as failing in what she undertakes."

"Well she will never speak in my pulpit, of that I am sure," and the good gentlemen went up to his study, leaving his wife to ponder these things, and to wonder if ever an emergency *could* come that would lead her out of the shelter of home. She had already begun some independent thinking. The next morning, Mrs. Walworth, impelled partly by curiosity, and partly by a true sense of politeness, called at Mrs. Harlan's and invited Mrs. Langdon to dine with her, and explained that their husbands

were once room-mates, and she hoped they might be friends. The invitation was accepted, and the two women formed a pleasant friendship over the lovely children, and Annette poured out her grief over her darling brother who was suffering in a rebel prison.

Annette told the story of their youthful comradeship, of her interest in his studies as he had grown to manhood, the fine qualities of head and heart he possessed, and the high hopes she had entertained for him. "O," she said, "dear Mrs. Walworth, what if it were your beautiful son, just grown to manhood, and now lying in one of those filthy prisons starving, perhaps to death. To me it seems a visitation upon the women of this land for their indifference to the sufferings of the slave, and their failure to urge their own rights, that they might use them for the good of others. I feel that if the good women had any voice in the government, they would have found a Christian and wise way out of these terrible issues. And now my poor mother, and thousands more poor mothers, have to bear the terrible retribution. Is it not fearful? I could not stay at home, I had to go out and help, if only a little."

"My heart goes out with you, my poor stricken friend," said Phillipia, sobs choking her voice. "The sufferings of those who sit and wait as my poor sister does at home, are surely greater than the active service of the soldier." Thus the women talked, and a tender friendship sprang up between these faithful hearted women, a friendship that would be lasting as mortal life.

When Mr. Walworth came in, he was somewhat astonished to find his friend's wife holding baby on her lap, with one arm round Menloe to whom she was telling a fairy tale.

His urbanity was unbounded, and he strove to make as much as possible of the intimacy he had enjoyed with her husband.

Knowing what her husband had told her of his want of genuine manliness, and perceiving by her own clear intuitions that all was not sound and reliable, she parted from them with a

foreboding that dark days were yet in store for the sweet, trusting woman, whose eyes were as yet blind to the real character of her husband.

It was bitter to think of her own husband exposed to daily peril, it was agony to feel that her darling brother was daily suffering the unallayed pangs of hunger, but they were safe, their lives were hid with Christ in God, for they were true to His living truth and need not fear what man could do to them.

CHAPTER XXI.

And still the tide of war rolled on. Annette heard of the shrewd maneuvers of her husband in Grierson's raid, made through overflowing swamps, and in the face of an almost ever-present enemy, he was promoted, new responsibilities and new honors came, and now and then a word from the dear brother in Andersonville. The North began to realize dimly that God had heard the vows of their fathers, and would hold the sons to their fulfillment. The campaign was assuming form. The enemy had determined to push out and see how far the promised sympathy of Northern men would aid them. Gettysburg had answered, and over this field of blood, tender hearted women had been called, when official surgeons had hurriedly left, to attend to their mighty tasks, while soldiers silently buried their comrades in long trenches, thinking of the mothers and sisters, and aged fathers to whom the terrible news should come.

But the assurance of success lay in the fact that Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet fearlessly discussed emancipation as a war measure. It was said that three months previous to its issue, Mr. Lincoln had drafted a proclamation to this effect, but he waited to hear the demand of the people. He knew that as President, he was simply the executive of the Nation's will, and he awaited their pleasure.

Most people at this time, however, thought of him as Gen-

eralissimo of the army, and hence invested with absolute power, and they grumbled at his delays and felt impatient with his cautious movements. Why was not an exchange of prisoners made and our poor, suffering boys brought home to the tender care of their mothers? It was hard to commend the policy of these delays, and yet wise men said it must be so. We should send back to our enemies an army of brave men in splendid health, to receive in return a poor shattered remnant, who would never be able to lift hand again in battle.

Mr. Lincoln at last said, confidentially: "If the people really demand emancipation I will make it my leading policy. If a monster petition could be raised, one really overwhelming, I would make it a principal plank in the Baltimore platform." But how was this to be accomplished? There were plenty of politicians to manage things at home, but this immense labor, who could perform it?

The answer came from the women who had most earnestly plead the cause of the slave, and they took upon themselves this mighty burden. In this work there were associated such names as Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, Josephine Griffin and many others. Mrs. Langdon and Mrs. Harlan were among those in the West who brought this question to fathers and mothers, and when the work was well done, they went on to Washington with a portion of their work and were there when Charles Sumner presented the great petition. A few moments after they heard him say to an acquaintance, "I have just presented this immense petition to the Senate asking emancipation. It took four men to carry it to the speaker's desk—it was respectfully received and properly referred. It is the greatest thing done yet."

It was during this visit that Mrs. Langdon saw how much work women were doing in the hospitals, and how needful this service was. Everywhere, the heart and hand of the women went and supplemented that of the man. And yet, when pay

was voted to men nurses and assistants, the women were seldom remembered. A small number received forty cents a day. As to pensioning them for loyal services which left them broken in health, it has not been done to this day.

When will it be seen and comprehended that our women are only wards in chancery, whose rights have not been adjusted, and who are still at the mercy of a prejudiced court. Yet here was "the greatest work that had been done" to put down the rebellion, towards which the government had contributed nothing, and yet, like Mordecai at the gate of King Ahasuerus, "No honor has been done" to show that the king's life was saved by a faithful servant. Will the King grow restless in his bed and call for the books of remembrance?

And now, events rapidly culminated. The election was again at hand, and the man who had been a marvel to all the Nations of the earth, received the voice of approval and was again chosen as the leader of his people. The women had made it possible for him to declare his supreme measure. At Gettysburg, on the anniversary of the terrible battle, he had crowned himself with immortal honors by a speech that will live while our Nation lasts. His concluding words still ring in our ears, "The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated this spot far beyond our power to add to or detract. The world will not long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Then had come the culmination of Sherman's march to the sea, the persistent approach through the wilderness of Grant, the cutting off the means of supply by destroying their main artery, the Chesapeake canal, and finally the surrender of Lee and the collapse of the rebellion. There had been four years of war, and billions of money wasted before the moral sense of the Nation had been regenerated.

In the midst of the rejoicing that filled all hearts, and that brought joy even into desolate homes, came the fearful shock of the assassination of Lincoln and the attempt upon his cabinet.

Annette Langdon had been sent to Springfield with some supplies for the sick soldiers at Camp Butler, and was in the house of Mr. Lincoln, where one of the officers of the sanitary committee lived, when the fearful thunderbolt fell. She had been joyfully anticipating the speedy exchange of her brother, as well as the return of her husband, but now, who could tell the end. Hearts that a day before were elated with happiness, were now thrilled by a new despair. Would the war be renewed and a spirit of fierce extermination take the place of the kindly, merciful spirit that had led Grant to send back the rebel cavalry with their horses that they might cultivate their fields in peace and avoid the horrors of famine? For a moment the Nation reeled from the shock, then it came back to its true poise, and life flowed on in a strong and healthy current. Then followed the mighty pageant of a Nation's grief. Not the storied wars of Greece or Rome could furnish such another. The poor boy, born in a cabin, reared in the midst of poverty and privation, yet growing up in an atmosphere of freedom, and always seeing before his waiting eyes the civic crown, the high possibilities of American citizenship, was to receive such funeral rites as had never befallen mortal man since history began. And all because he represented the great thought of HUMAN EQUALITY, *equally guaranteed by the recognition of a common claim to suffrage*, because of a SOVEREIGN SOUL.

On the day when this wonderful funeral train reached Chicago, it seemed as though every standing place in the city was full. All the regaliaed societies, all the civic bodies, all the men, women and children of the city, and the adjacent country had gathered at the windows, on housetops and balconies, on curbstones and in ditches, and were overflowing into streets, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the marshals; yet all were mourners. There was no rioting, no noisy mirth even of the children, but a tender awe seemed to fill all hearts.

With one or two friends, Annette had worked her way through the crowd to Twelfth street, where the funeral car was detached from the train and brought to Michigan avenue through the arches of flags draped in mourning that had been most artistically constructed. Never before had the possibilities of the dear flag been so apparent. It was everywhere. It covered the hearse, it draped the streets from window and balcony, subdued by mourning emblems, a Nation's glory palled by a Nation's grief.

Slowly the hearse, drawn by magnificent black horses trapped in mourning emblems, proceeded up the avenue, followed by black and white citizens, sharing in a common sorrow. No one now elbowed a colored citizen aside, they were all mourning for a common father. The remains were carried to the court house, the square was at once surrounded by a strong cable to keep the throng at bay, and orders were issued that only after certain arrangements of the body in state could citizens be admitted, and that by a certain routine.

Thousands, whose homes were in the country, waited long into the night for this last sight of the man they had learned to so love and honor. It was almost dark, when going down into the street, from a chamber where one could look out on the square, Annette met a young soldier who recognized her, and kindly said, "Come and I will help you into the court house before the throng is admitted. She followed him, stooping under the cable, and went into the lower hall where lay the remains of

the great martyr. She scarcely stopped to take in the effect of all that love and admiration had done, the draping flags, the costly catafalque; but waited beside the bier looking into that grand face, its rugged outlines softened, the beauty of the inner life brought out by the touch of that master artist death, telling of a clean grand soul, that had not been cheated by flattery to betray his great trust, nor tempted by women or wine to his undoing. He had seen at last the glory of Freedom on its highest summit, and now he was translated. He had acknowledged the equal, inalienable rights of all, without regard to race, color or previous condition, and knew they should in justice have equal guaranties.

"Thou art grand enough to compel the tears of all humanity," she whispered to herself, "Grand enough to have died in this hour of immortal victory. Let the petty work that must follow, be done by other hands."

"Madam, please to move on," said a guard, and she went silently out, and the throng poured in, a tide that lasted many hours.

And then, all over the land, by order of the Executive, there were memorial services. By a natural coincidence Annette was at Auburndell, when the memorial meeting occurred. She was there to await her brother, who was coming home. The services were to be in the Presbyterian church, and as most patriotic speakers were otherwise engaged, the Rev. Horace Walworth was to deliver the eulogy, assisted by a brother from an adjoining town. There was such a feeling of dissent from this almost inevitable arrangement, that the committee sought out Mrs. Langdon and begged that she would also speak.

Her reply was, "I will speak on condition that the committee publish my name as one of the speakers invited for the occasion, and that I shall be treated with the same courtesy as is shown to the other eulogists. I have heard that your Elder Turner and Mr. Walworth have said that I shall never speak from their pulpit."

The house was thronged, the doors and windows were filled, and many stood outside, so terrible had been the blow, so general the sorrow. The exercises had been planned by the loyal citizens, and everything comported with the occasion, save the half hearted apologists who from the desk sought to say smooth things, and to slur over the real truths of our National history.

Said Mr. Walworth, "Our National calamity has not grown out of the institution of slavery which is divinely recognized, but out of its abuse. Many masters were kind and tender and truly Christian in their relations, but others transcended the divine order and for this we have suffered chastisement as a people. But we must not forget that some are, in God's providence, ordained to humbler positions than others, that the law of subordination is of God." In this strain he spoke and his fellow orator followed in a similar spirit. He was a foreigner and might be excused.

At the close of this last address Mr. Walworth said: "I believe Mrs. Langdon will now volunteer some remarks." One of the committee escorted Mrs. Langdon to the pulpit and introduced her as the wife of a brave soldier of whom they had often heard.

With a strong effort at self command she said: "I come before you, not as a volunteer, but at the request of your committee. In olden times, when a great grief fell upon a Nation, there were mourning women as well as mourning men, and in behalf of the sorrowing women of our land, I rise to give voice to our great anguish at this our common calamity which has come to us through our sins as a people against the rights of a despised race. In the person of the Negro, we have failed to recognize the son of God who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.' And because of this our transgression, even our first born, like the first born of Egypt has been slain—there was no blood on the lintel to show that we were to be passed over. He who has watched these things, and

has not seen that it was not the abuse of slavery, but slavery itself, 'that sum of all villainies,' as Wesley says, that has called down the bolts of divine justice, is not fit to preach the gospel in this nineteenth century.

"As a people, we have professed, of all others, the divine law of equality, while in practice we have trampled under foot the sacred rights of more than three millions of people. This is atonement day. We lay our mouths in the dust, while our bodies are covered with sackcloth and ashes, and plead that this, our last great sacrifice, may enable us to put aside the injustice, to cleanse us from the sin, and to build us up in a true and living faith and sincerity before God and man.

"And may we take heed that in the rebuilding of our temple, there may be left no flaw, but that equal rights may be made secure to all, by the concession of equal guaranties to rich and poor, black and white, male and female. Let there be no outcast within our borders, no being so humble, or ignorant, or poor, that the guaranty of National faith shall be withheld, as it now is, not only to the newly emancipated race, but to all the loyal women who have offered up their treasures, who have spent their lives in the care of the sick, who have saved the Nation from bankruptcy by their ceaseless labors.

"Other foes may remain to be conquered, not by the force of arms, but by the wise use of the ballot; other enemies may waste our substance, may lay low the pride of our homes, and at this hour, when the Nation's heart is tender, and when it must readjust itself to a higher and juster order, we beg that the sisters, the wives and the mothers may not be forgotten."

The audience felt the power of these strong impassioned words. But Elder Turner whispered to Brother Walworth as the throng filed out of the church, "That was a terrible thing—and to think our wives should have listened to it. But Mrs. Turner is all right. She don't believe in strong minded women."

CHAPTER XXII.

Great preparations were going on at Auburndell, for the return of many of the soldiers was expected on the evening train, and they were to be welcomed with feast and speech and song—an occasion worthy the return of heroes. They had gone out as very ordinary men, farmers, masons, hod carriers, carters, bakers, tailors; all the common walks of life had been represented, but they were coming home victors, heroes, the Nation's saviors. Every wife and mother and daughter and sister would be there, the lads and lasses that seemed children when the fathers left them were almost men and women now. The great wareroom at the station had been cleared, flags covered the rough walls, the long tables were covered with the luxuries which loving hands had prepared, the coffee simmered in an adjoining room, lemons and sugar abounded. If an article was missed, some fleet footed girl ran to bring it. It seemed a perfect carnival of joy.

Among this throng, moving restlessly about, was Betsey Byrne. Her oldest son and daughter were busy emptying baskets of baked turkey and smothered chicken and buttered biscuit, and jelly cakes, but she, with a small tumbler in one hand, and a bottle wrapped in a napkin in the other, wandered about like one in a dream.

At last it was four o'clock, and some one on the outlook shouted, "The train is in sight!" and the platform was filled as by magic with eager men and women. It halted, and a shout rose, and an answering shout came from bearded lips as men sprang from the train into the arms of wife or child, mother, brother or sister.

As these moved on and into the wareroom, the feeble and invalid came out slowly or were borne out by strong men.

Like a ghost just risen from the dead, slowly came Charley Wilson, to be caught in the arms of his sister and spirited away.

Then, helped by two strong soldiers, came Captain Byrne. None but the eyes of love could have detected any resemblance to the stalwart farmer who had gone out so full of strength and daring. A stretcher was hastily arranged, and the poor fellow laid down almost fainting. But his wife was by his side; she was clasping him in her strong arms, and sobbing, "O, my Johnny, my poor darling." Some one pushed her aside and said: "Don't be a fool Betsey, give him a drop of brandy," and he held out the glass. It was her father with his customary restorative. She turned upon him like a tigress and dashed the glass from his hand.

"No, you don't sell him to the devil now I've got him again! Here, my love," and with trembling hands she took from her daughter the glass and bottle she had brought, "Here is some beef essence that will bring you to yourself far better," and she raised him tenderly and put the tumbler to his lips.

"He'll die if you're allowed your way Betsey," said the Elder, pettishly.

"I tell you, I'd a thousand times rather see him die, than live a drunkard. He shall have a beef critter killed for him every week in the year ef he needs it, and all the cream from the dairy, but don't you, nor any other man, dare to offer him a drop of sperits. I believe I should kill a man who should try to get him drunk."

"Dear love," she said, in a tender, loving tone, as she turned her fierce defiant face from her father and brothers who had gathered round, "I would ten thousand times rather you should have starved in Andersonville, than that you should be dragged down to the bottomless pit by men who think only of saving the body. But you will live, and you will be an honor and a comfort to us all." He pressed her hand and tried to whisper his assurance.

The crowd had for the moment seemed struck dumb by her grand terror. Now they turned away and left her to feed him,

drop by drop from the precious liquid, till he was somewhat revived, then Johnny brought round the easy carriage, in the bottom of which a soft bed had been placed and they drove home through the gathering twilight, the man's head resting tenderly on the bosom of his wife.

It was not quite dark when they reached home. The invalid looked out with wonder. Was this the place he had left, and that he had expected to find dilapidated and almost in ruins? The farm had been fenced, new outbuildings had been erected, the house had been finished and painted, trees had been planted and around the door yard was a border of flowers, a few jonquils now in bloom. Two strong men came out and helped him in, and laid him on a bed in a pleasant room and his younger children stole quietly in and crept up to kiss him. And as he lay there looking round and wondering, he said to his wife, "I suppose your father has helped you out."

"John Byrne, father hasn't helped me to a cent only to buy some steers the first fall you went away. The children and I have done all that's been done, and we don't owe a cent and all your money is in the bank."

"But the land had to go on the mortgages, all but the homestead, I suppose?"

"Not a foot on't. We kept the whole section."

After a while he asked, "Whose carriage was that we rode home in?"

"It belongs on this place Captain Byrne. But if you talk so much you'll have to take some whipped egg and new milk," and in a trice she was feeding him a spoonful at a time.

"Did you know that I had my feet so badly frozen last winter that I am almost sure to be a cripple all my days?"

"My feet are good, John, and quite used to walking, and you can call them yours on most occasions," said his wife, "but I can nurse your own better than any army surgeon, and you wont want crutches many weeks."

And here was this brave woman, who had saved her property from waste, who would fight for the salvation of her husband and sons from the power of the destroyer, who had been taxed to pay for substitutes, and she could have no voice in the making of the laws, nor could she be allowed to act as guardian of her children should her poor feeble husband die without a will, and only a third of the real property would be hers to use. Alas for justice and consistency!

In the meantime, the people at the station were feasting, and laughing, and telling war stories till midnight, and then some violins were found, and the young ones danced for a couple of hours and then the crowd retired, the lights went out, and the morrow would find half these late soldiers donning citizens attire and going back to their old vocations.

Annette, in the meantime had taken her brother to Mrs. Harlowe's home, and there they sat, hand in hand, almost silent, she now and then whispering, "Is this really you, Charley? You tall, lank, whiskered boy. And how came you to get on so well—so much better than most? He drew an old Greek grammar from his pocket, and said: "Behold my preserver. I had carried this with me, and when I was taken prisoner, it became my solace. After we were taken to Andersonville, I used to get off by myself and abstract my faculties from the misery about me, by intense analytical study. I am now well up in the Greek verb about which you used to trouble me. And really, a few of your lessons that I remembered, on methods of study, did me a world of good. Then I had my old silver watch which I sold to one of the stewards and he gave me a little extra food. But I have had many dreams of mother's cupboard, and of the custards and tarts you used to make."

"Yes, and I shall make plenty more for you, you skeleton of a man."

"But when will Ned be home, Netty? I say how jolly it will seem to be all back again. But you, you look like a shadow."

"When you get your questions strung on in order I will answer. Col. Langdon reports at Springfield next week. They want him to go into the regular army, but he and his wife say no, we thank you. We want to live, just a little, on our own account."

Early the next morning, the brother and sister left by a train that connected with their own home, and in a few hours, their parents gave them joyful welcome.

In the meantime, other hearts were not made so glad. In a skirmish before Petersburg, Oliver Angel, the idolized lover of Lilly Menloe, whose bravery had brought promotion, was swallowed up by the springing of a mine and he and other brave fellows were lost, just as their friends were beginning to say "The end is near and they are safe."

In her despair, Mrs. Menloe had sent for her eldest daughter, and she, with her children, were once more in the old home. For days Lilly seemed almost like one dead. She refused nourishment, she could not be roused by any common interest. Her Noll was dead, and she must go to him. This apathetic state was followed by strong convulsions which taxed the skill of physicians, but at last the crisis past, and the poor girl slowly returned to a feeble, but rational state.

The mother, in the meantime, worn out with watching and anxiety, became seriously ill, and soon a fatal crisis was feared. After her return from the West, she had felt the importance of securing the home to Lilly and this she had done, leaving her this and the small income from the factory that now remained. A series of floods the previous spring had greatly damaged the property, so that after the repair of losses, there was only a small income to be counted on, barely enough to leave her a scanty living.

Now, as disasters seldom come alone, the dark train stood waiting for Mrs. Walworth. Her mother soon sank under the weight of her trials, and Lilly was again brought to the gates of

death. All the responsibility of the situation fell upon Phillippia's shoulders. She wrote begging her husband to come and aid her, but got word in reply that he was too ill for such a journey, having had a severe attack of pneumonia, and the doctor had just managed to keep him up on brandy. This had been his only salvation.

To all this must be added her own coming accouchment, which seemed a culmination of all misery. But we never know how great a healer trial may become. This foreseen event, aroused Lilly from her morbid grief, and gave her power to struggle against the bitterness of death. Phillippia and her children must now be her all.

Mrs. Walworth wrote to Horace begging him to come as soon as his health would permit, and get the rest he so much needed, and in the pure mountain air renew his strength.

In the meantime, he had been having a settlement with Elder Turner. To his amazement he learned that the interest had actually eaten up the principal—the last few speculations had been unprofitable, the war had closed too suddenly and instead of money coming to him, he had not only to surrender the home to the Elder, but would still be a hundred or two dollars in his debt. This the generous man would forgive him, and get the Church to raise a hundred for him on which to leave, and he advised him to go East and remain there. The Church was getting a little tired of his ministrations; Churches were not as stable as they used to be. He would get them to pass resolutions of regret, and that would sound all right. The temperance party was getting the advantage of them, and a different man would have to be secured, according to this wise consoler. But these were not confidences to be reposed in his wife at the present time. She must believe in the success of his financial management. Thus advised, he got their household goods packed after a slipshod fashion, some of the sisters aiding him in the work, and with much sounding of trumpets, and display of lasting regrets,

and flattering resolutions, the Rev. Horace Walworth, after some six years of labor among the people of Illinois, retired to fields where it was to be supposed his riper talents would find higher appreciation. If any failure should result, it would not be from want of due newspaper applause, for his most devoted friend, Elder Turner, was a sound adviser in this direction.

The new baby was a month old when Mr. Walworth reached his family. Another son had been added to the mother's care, but with the wonderful elasticity of the maternal heart, it found plenty of room, and a generous welcome.

Then the poor heart-sore aunt was most happy to name him Oliver Angel, and if ever baby was likely to be overweighted with love, it was this poor little one, so beggared of home and heritage.

What a welcome the father and husband received from wife and children! Those beautiful little ones had inherited the lovely, unselfish qualities of their mother, as well as her fineness of organization, and no one could look upon them without delight and admiration. And then his wife as yet trusted in his wisdom and manliness; how could he tell her that he had lost for her the home, and that they were utterly beggared.

Possibly this secret that so burdened his heart, led him to think he needed more brandy, and his indulgence became ever increasing. He said he must tone up so as to be fit for work, and he began correspondence with the trustees of vacant Churches, and got some chances for temporary occupation. It was during this period that their household goods came, and Mrs. Walworth was notified of their arrival. This was unlooked for. She had supposed they were to return in the autumn, as her husband had given her no intimation to the contrary. When he returned, she told him of the notice she had received, and asked the meaning. "Of course, dear, I suppose it is all right, but I had not money enough to pay the large bill of freight," she said, deprecatingly.

"Stupid of them not to have paid it at Auburndell," he said, feeling in his pockets. "I really haven't enough by me to settle it, what shall we do?"

"I suppose you rented the house, and had to pack up the goods?" she remarked inquiringly.

"Yes, that is, I believe Robert Turner is to be married and go into it this spring."

"What is the matter dear, you look strangely?"

"Yes, I feel so. Help me to the lounge," he said. "Now please bring me my brandy flask, I have had a good many of these faint spells since I was so ill."

Phillippia brought a glass and some water and he poured out a dram that quite surprised her. He was soon asleep, and the children were sent out to play, that they might not waken dear papa. It was near night when he awoke, and his anxious wife inquired if he felt refreshed, and could take a cup of tea. He said he felt very much prostrated, and begged for more brandy. She gave it to him, but asked if she had not better send for the doctor, he seemed so prostrated.

This, he said, would be useless as he had had full instructions from the doctor who had attended him during his illness.

"I am sorry to trouble you about business at this time," she said, "but what am I to do about our freight bill?"

"Just what you please, my dear," he said with a maudlin expression. "Turn my pockets inside out and make the most you can out of 'em."

She turned away heart sick. Something terrible must be the matter.

Taking her gold watch, a birthday gift from her father, the last he had ever made her, she went to an old friend and asked him to either buy the watch outright, or take it in pledge, and let her have money enough to get her furniture from the station.

He said he did not want the watch, but would loan her the money. She, however, insisted, and he took it and locked it up, giving her the hundred dollars she had asked for.

Then she ordered her goods brought the next morning, and with a sensation of almost mortal fear returned home. She could

not explain her mental state, even to her herself, yet she felt unwilling to call the old doctor she had known from infancy. Was she beginning to see the shadow of some terrible evil impending?

In the evening he woke and in a stammering way said if he had another swallow of brandy he would go to bed. Phillippia begged him to have some tea instead, and at last prevailed. After a short time he staggered to their room, and was soon fast asleep, while his wife sat and watched beside him till midnight, and then retired, leaving a light burning. She had resolved that if he was no better by morning she must call Dr. Plympton and see to his condition. But morning found him somewhat restored and after a cup of strong coffee he was quite himself again.

As the goods began to arrive, Phillippia ventured to question him. First he opened his large pocket book and took out the copy of the resolutions of the Church; then he found some commendatory articles cut from several newspapers, and at last a statement of accounts with Elder Turner.

Phillippia ran her eyes over the statement and at a glance comprehended the whole. "And this," said she "is the outcome of it all. Our beautiful home is lost for a paltry two thousand dollars when it was worth twice the sum, and we are virtually turned out of doors. I ought to have kept it in my own hands, for the laws of the State permitted it, and good Mrs. Turner warned me at the outset."

"You obeyed your husband, which was your duty in the eyes of God and man," returned he, as though he had been the aggrieved party.

"Tell me what we are to do now, Horace. I shall try to obey, since that is all I have left to do."

"In a different spirit, my love," said her husband, "You seem to forget your place as a woman. You promised to love honor and obey."

However easy it may be to love what is lovely and to honor

what is honorable, there are times in the decadence of a man's moral nature, when the woman who walks by his side is forced to ask herself whether it is not infidelity to God and her own soul to love that which is debased, and to honor that which is dishonorable.

Her pity may be almost infinite, she may seek to conceal the death-like corruption of the soul, that is thus closely allied, but she cannot honor, and equally she cannot obey, the unmanned being that stands beside her. This would be sinning against the Holy Ghost, putting evil in the place of good and honor where dishonor is due.

The truth in Phillipia's soul compelled her to remain silent, waiting and praying that the terrible cup which she began to see might be taken from her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At last Edward Langdon and his wife have found the home they have so long anticipated. The wear of those dreadful years has been much harder for Annette than for her husband. While his career had been full of resolute daring and command, of exciting incidents and hasty marches, she had been occupied in her school or in sanitary work, her nights full of vigils or restless dreams. When he came home, full of anticipation and buoyant life, he found a pale thin woman who almost fainted in his arms.

During the last few months, her friends had feared that she would go into a rapid decline, and only her strong will had kept her up. This had led him to look for a home in a more genial climate, and now as they stood in the door of their own cottage home, they looked off over a lovely panorama of hills and valleys clothed in the loveliest tints of the blossoming spring time. There was a newness and freshness all about them, like the new life on which they were entering.

A little color was coming back to the wan cheeks of Annette,

a more elastic step greeted the husband on his return after a morning's absence afield, for Col. Langdon was now a farmer, her voice began to echo back his ringing, hearty speech, and to again challenge him to some fine intellectual encounters.

As he met her at the door when he came to dinner, he stopped to look out over the beautiful landscape, and drawing her to him said, "My own dear wife, see how grand are our possessions; though our acres are few, our horizon is large and that also is all ours to have and to hold till we find something better, or more desirable."

"The idea that we two are in a home that is all our own is too delicious for belief. Let us never go away from this enchanting spot, lest we again lose each other in this great wide world. Don't let us eat the apple of unrest, and go out of paradise."

They sit down at the table spread only for two, and partake of the dainty dishes she so delighted to prepare, and he to eat of and praise. Sometimes he would of an evening be beguiled into telling war stories, she sitting on his knee with her arms about his neck, or laying her head on his shoulder like a weary child."

"I really expected to find a broad-chested, strong-minded woman," he would say, "while I find only a pale anemone."

"Yes, you thought you were going to find an oak and I have turned out only a poor weak vine after all. It is really a shameful overthrow of our grand dreams."

"Did you know, my darling, that many of our strongest men actually died of homesickness?"

"It takes strength and courage to leave wife and home for duty to one's country does it not?" said Annette.

"Yes, but it takes patience, and weary waiting, and faith and hope, to keep the strong heart of woman from breaking under the fearful strain," he said. "I did not wonder that some women followed their husbands, and became as daring as any of our soldiers."

"Is that really so, Edward?"

"Quite so. Sometimes they had no other friends in the coun-

try, and separation was worse than death in prospect, and so they went, either in disguise, or openly as was the case with Madam Turchin. Her husband had been a staff officer during the Crimean war, on the staff of Alexander, the then Czarowitch of Russia. He had obtained leave of absence from the Russian army, and was in Chicago when the war broke out, and he offered his services to the state government and went out Colonel of the 19th Illinois. He was a competent and brave officer, and his wife, who was of illustrious descent, always accompanied him on his marches. He had been in northern Alabama and Georgia just before the battle of Chickamauga and had really done the rebels some harm. Some of the American officers, who thought this was too much like war, instigated his arrest. He had been sent on a reconnoissance to Chattanooga, and just as they were ready to return was arrested. The Lieutenant Colonel was absent and the command devolved on a subordinate. With little or no experience in such movements, the regiment was returning through the valley, with no pickets out. The watchful foe soon became aware of this, and began firing down from the bluffs. Madam was riding in the rear chatting with the surgeon, when she heard the salute. Putting her white pony to its fullest speed, she was soon at the head of the regiment and in command. Flankers were at once thrown out and the brave woman led the regiment back in safety. It was said that she understood military tactics as well as her husband. Then finding that there was mischief brewing, she went on to Washington, got her husband promoted to the rank of Brigadier, which would take him out of the hands of the court-martial, and returned in triumph to Chicago, just in time to be present at a grand demonstration, and to publicly present his commission to her distinguished hero. How would you have liked to do that?"

"Far better than waiting and wearing myself out with foolish fears and vain longings. I should have been much stronger, if like Madam Turchin I could have been near my husband. But

our days of regret are over, our life work is before us. Its outcome must depend on our loyalty to truth, on our fidelity to duty."

"Amen," whispered her husband reverently.

Here, in this little home, they set up the true altar. Life was a daily means of grace to themselves and to all who came under their influence. Already a community of cultured men and women had begun to grow up in the vicinity, characters of high purpose were being developed, true religion and exalted morality were walking hand in hand. Social life became charming. They had their Shakespearean readings, their clubs for the study of English literature, their Bible classes where Edward Langdon read the lessons in Greek and gave them his own clear and vigorous translations.

When political instruction was needed, on rare occasions he was induced to take the place of speaker for the hour, and then he was sure to astonish the people by his thorough mastery of all the questions and issues involved. His wife was also recognized as his true companion. She sometimes gratified the people by a brilliant essay, or a rare poem, or a keen bit of satire gracefully pointed, but her best work for the community consisted in giving young girls a sense of the dignity that belonged to the true home. No slipshod work came from her hands wittingly. She admitted the limitations of poor humanity, but strove to attain the true blending of easy home ways, with wise administration of the means within her reach. One such woman will leaven a large mass. Sometimes they were almost compelled to be teachers, and occasionally they gave a winter to this work.

Children came, gladly and reverently greeted, and wisely cared for. The mother was not obscured by the intellectual culture of the woman. Children, in this rare community, were counted as the heritage of the Lord, and much thought and care were given to their training. This land was not an Eden, the serpent was trailing its slime there as elsewhere, and the citi-

zens who felt the responsibility of keeping the paths straight for their children, both men and women, united in a most determined war of extermination, and at last it is reported that there is not a license in their county, nor a tenant in their jail. If a bad man can do much evil, a good man, especially if he has an earnest wife, can do much good.

But such gardens are not long left to be merely the pride, and to show the possibilities of the garden. The Langdons were observed. The world needed them. His fine culture and rare administrative abilities were found out, and in the full maturity of his manhood, he was called where he belongs, to take a high place among the educators of the young men and women who are to be the administrators of the assets which this generation will leave.

It would be delightful to introduce this finely cultured family, as average specimens of what free institutions, and consistent equality will do for humanity, but it is to be feared they are more rare than we could wish. But we are sure that Prof. Langdon and his excellent wife, and their well reared children, will do much for the culture and advancement of those who come within the scope of their influence, and it is much, when the possibilities of humanity are clearly proven. They have not made the acquisition of wealth their goal, but have sought first the true Kingdom of Heaven, and all necessary temporal blessings have been added. May the number of such families increase in our land.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It is pitiful to follow the decadence of those who have once given promise of usefulness, but our observations of life would be incomplete should such painful experiences be left out. Our knowledge of the laws of human development are as yet too limited to allow us to say with unerring certainty, how traits of character lapse and then reappear.

It is said that insanity will disappear from families for generations, and then in the most mysterious manner again manifest itself. So of the taste for alcoholic drinks. The great suffering of some good woman, who has become the wife of a man who inherited this fearful tendency, may be so strong that she may save her sons from yielding to temptation; but in her grand-sons this may appear with renewed force, even to the third and fourth generation. When Phillipia Menloe married the Rev. Horace Walworth, she did not think to inquire of the antecedents of his family. He came to her, the rare impersonation of manly beauty and piety combined. She had not seen young men in their college career, and learned to discriminate between the profound and the shallow. She accepted them at their own valuation and that of the world at large.

She did not know that his grand-father had been a cider drinker and a lover of cider brandy, and that his cellar was always well stocked with such beverages, nor that his father had been an early victim to tobacco and alcoholism. His mother and elder sister had gone from their old home that they might bring up the boy in an atmosphere of temperance and sobriety. His early promise had been such that his poor old mother, old before her time, had died believing him a brand plucked from the burning, and his sister, now in the far west, rejoiced in his piety. He might have been saved to honor and to a life of usefulness, had it not been for the insidious influences emanating from his confidential adviser, Elder Turner, conjoining themselves to the slumbering appetites too easily awakened in his own bosom.

It is often well that the truths that come to us are infant truths, or they might overpower us at the first encounter. Slowly dawned upon Phillipia the fact that her husband was already a confirmed drunkard; that, though few suspected it, there were days together when she had to keep him locked in the study that he might not betray himself, and in the meantime might become sobered so that he could appear before a congregation on the Sabbath without self-betrayal.

She wrote his sermons for him, or revamped old ones, and often accompanied him to the town where he was to preach as a supply, taking her baby along, and amusing him and interesting him, and attracting by her social qualities the good will of the Church. Sometimes she sang in the Sunday school, and finally it came to be quite a common thing to call on her to say a few words to the children before singing, or to speak words of comfort to mourners. She was sometimes troubled with scruples about imposing her husband upon the world as a genuine man and a Christian, but she used to say: "What knowest thou, O, wife, but thou mayest save thy husband?"

During these terrible years she used often to implore her husband to take the pledge and abstain from all use of liquors that would intoxicate. He always readily complied. Then she would breath easier after he had cheerfully done this, and offer up prayers and thanksgiving for his salvation. But in a month or two she would see signs of inebriety, and find patent medicines hidden away in the stable or under his lounge in the library, and another series of anguished pleadings would occur, and another vain promise would be given.

She began to find their resources dwindling and at the same time their wants increasing. What could be done? There was occasionally a demand for a lecture before some literary society for which she could get five or ten dollars and expenses, and she turned her attention in this direction. The children were good natured and healthy, and her sister Lilly was improving in health, so that, with the aid of the eldest boy, she could get along a few days at a time, and so, while there was no rain, there was dew. Economies became pitiful, labor incessant, but they were not as yet reduced to actual want.

In the meantime, the popularity of Mr. Walworth was by no means increasing, and it began to be whispered about that he was not what he seemed. She, the patient wife, sometimes felt that if she could keep his shame covered, she could carry all the

other burdens uncomplainingly. But she saw that even this cup could not pass from her.

At last a friend was suddenly called to California, and his weekly paper must be conducted in his absence by some one who would understand the local interests it represented. He called on Phillipia as an old friend and asked her if she could undertake it for the sum of fifty dollars a month. Her heart bounded with joy. It was like a fountain in the desert. She gladly began her task, and her facile pen was conspicuously employed and the talents evinced were recognized by the fraternity. Now she came in contact with a fuller line of general reading, and her attention was called to a pamphlet on hereditary traits. For the first time she began to realize what she had unwittingly done. Her beautiful children would hold in their own being the terrible heritage of drunkenness.

What repair could she, and ten thousand other mothers, make these innocent victims? How could the evil be blotted out? How could the blood of atonement be applied for such transgression? Day after day she thought, night after night she pondered. It must be that there was some way, but how to find it! "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." She heard of the women's crusade. At last she began to see, that, as in war, there must be a marshaling and ordering of the hosts, so in a great moral warfare, there must be a banding together and a rallying for action; and above all, they must not be afraid to take measures against the enemy.

In this mood she wrote to Mrs. Langdon, whose friendship had grown with years, and to whom, in some of her terrible afflictions, she had written because there was no one near her to whom she could speak of the sore trials that bore her soul to the very earth.

"ROCKLAND, June 8th, 1874.

"*My Dear Mrs. Langdon:*—In certain straits and perils of soul I instinctively turn to you, because of your large thought and great freedom of expression which I so seldom find in women.

And I trust you know that I could go to no man for counsel, as against what I feel to be the oppression and darkness of ages. Men could not comprehend me, and their judgment would all be from a man's standpoint, which, with few exceptions, means the subordination, and, even the Church-sanctioned, subjection of women. I used to accept it all meekly, and to say that women who asked for equality before the law were unwomanly, even unchristian. In this I was as earnest as Paul when he persecuted Christians, feeling that verily I was doing God's service.

"The opening up of the maternal fountains in my bosom first led me to listen with some half protesting interest to the cry of such women as Mrs. Camp, whom you will remember, and Mrs. Byrne. I felt that instinct of protection that even brute mother-natures feel for their young, and I often repeated a verse from that sweet poem of Margaret Chandler's, 'The Kingfisher.'

"O, if such feelings of love have part,
In the warm depths of a wood bird's heart,
What is the love of a mother's heart
With the seal of a deathless nature prest?"

"But with the terrible revelations that came to me, the shattering of my idol, his betrayal of my interests, even to the home my mother had given me, I began to see with anointed eyes. But I had not yet seen the half—I only saw men as trees walking. Another and darker and deeper inferno has opened before me.

"The world has done well to keep woman in ignorance of science and theology, if it would hold her in subjection to unjust and unequal laws. I have been reading a little, only a little, on the subject of hereditary descent. It takes only a few words, sometimes, to unlock fearful secrets. This little pamphlet, of only a few pages, led me to question my husband as to his own parentage. I learned that the family, some members of which had been talented, had sunk into poverty and decay through 'hard drinking,' as they used to call it. The women had been strong, but uncultivated; the boys having ambitions were better educated, so that they despised the women, and thought them fit only to be their servants. Indeed, these traditions had been as law, and, 'What does a woman know?' was a common expression among Horace's uncles and cousins. They have a remembrance among them of one woman who was beguiled into marrying one of the uncles who professed to be temperate, and when he came

home to her drunk, she went back to her mother and said she had come to stay. The families felt that a separation would be a disgrace. They met in council and almost commanded the young woman to go back to her husband. She heard their petty talk, and when they had finished she rose to her full height, and lifting her right hand declared: 'God above knows that I will never be the mother of a drunkard's children.'

"Now, my dear friend, bear with me in my agony when I say, this conviction, that my beautiful children inherit this fearful legacy, is almost driving me to madness. I cannot see which way to turn. How can this taint, this terrible blood poison, be eliminated from their being. They are so sweet, so docile, so tender and loving, that it does not seem possible they can ever be tempted and fall to the ignominious depths to which their poor father has fallen.

"And yet, only the other day, I met an agonized mother, who told me the story of her own sad suffering. Her husband had never in his whole beautiful life, tasted a drop of intoxicating liquors, but the son, most loving and tender as a child of all her children, had become a constant drinker, and no promise, no consideration of duty, no tenderness to wife or child could withhold him. What was the key to this? His grand-father, on the father's side, was a confirmed drunkard, and the serpent of alcoholism had fastened his fangs in the heart of this lovely spirited boy, and was dragging him down to destruction; and not only this, he was transmitting the curse to future generations. I recalled the fearful group, the Laocoon—the serpent infolding the father and his sons. And can I hope for anything better for my own children? The misery of all this thought is enhanced by the remembrance that I did not realize the wrong I was doing, even after I knew of the fatal appetite; for the world and the Church would have said all his shortcomings were due to my unwifely conduct, had I insisted, as I now see I ought, 'I will not be the mother of a drunkard's children.' I have now five boys and two girls, and though I am absolutely the sole provider for my household, my boys being in school, and have to keep my husband well clothed and respectable in outward seeming, yet all the legal power is in his hand. I cannot even vote in town meetings to help elect a board that will enforce the fairly good laws that now exist. I do not complain that my work is never done, and that the unequal wages of women renders my labors more

hard and unreasonable than they should be, but I do complain that, with all my efforts and all my vigilance, my husband will find some means of intoxication every week of his life. And then, my beautiful boys, my darling girls! What can we do? How can we provide against the 'pestilence that walketh by night, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.'

"Cannot women see their danger, and band together for a grand work of regeneration? I have thought and pondered why the great men who aided in the reconstruction of our government after the rebellion should not have given the ballot to women at the same time they conferred it on the men of African descent. Surely, we need it as much for our protection against bad laws and evil customs, as they to protect themselves against the oppression of ages. Without it how can we protect our children and shield them from inherited evils?

"I do not so much ask what is to be the outcome of my own blighted and betrayed life, as how we can save our dear children, our invaded homes from this destroyer of our race.

"Can we hope that this new crusade for the rescue, not of an empty sepulcher, but of living souls, may lead to some combined demand for the sure guarantee of our rights?

"You, whose life has been so strong and grand, who have never had cause to blush for your husband, nor have experienced a wrong in your own person, can, it seems to me, see through your clearer atmosphere the true strategic point from which we can move upon the destroyer.

"Your ever trusting friend,

"PHILLIPPA WALWORTH."

CHAPTER XXV.

"HAPPY REST, June 18th, 1874.

"*My Dear Mrs. Walworth:*

"Your letter, so full of the agony that is breaking many hearts all over the world, has just reached me. I trust that what I shall say will not hurt a heart already so sorely bruised that even the touch of tenderness must inflict the keenest pangs.

"I have never had occasion to blush for my husband, as you truly say, nor to shrink from even unexpressed injustice, for he always feels that 'the woman's cause is man's,' and labors just as

earnestly for her advancement as for man's. Nothing irritates him like the patronizing way in which some men, even gentlemen, speak of women, as though human rights were their's to bestow. He says men have been unconscious usurpers, and the smallest justice they can now do to women is to step aside and let them use their rights just as freely as men use their's. The ballot, which is man's guaranty for his equal relations with all other men, before the law, seems such a simple, and yet wise adjustment, that even the frailest woman could, through its use, give expression to her moral convictions on all questions involving her right to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness:' and he can see no reason, either on the score of equity or propriety, why she should not have the same assurance from man that he claims for himself from others.

"You see how easy it has been for the wives of such men as my husband to openly declare for equal suffrage for women, and the result has been that most of our earnest advocates are women who have felt no personal injustice, and our plea is made, as you say, from our clearer atmosphere, where we look out upon wrong and injustice with a sort of impersonal judgment. From this standpoint we see how jealous the Great Father is of the rights of even the humblest. The wrong to the slave cost the blood and treasure of a generation; the wrong in withholding the ballot from woman is costing more blood and more treasure than even this fratricidal war. The fight of to-day is not with an enemy massed over against us, but with an enemy abiding in our midst, meeting us hand to hand in the daily walks of life. Go into our great cities, and walk along our streets, and count the liquor dealers' signs, and estimate the amount of misery this traffic must produce. Go into our prisons and inquire how many crimes are the direct result of the use of alcoholic or vinous beverages. Go into our courts and find how large a proportion of quarrels and bankruptcies are the outgrowth of this traffic, licensed by the government and upheld by the sentiment and votes of men. Go into our halls of legislation, and look behind screens and watch the lobby doors, and see how many of the State houses are free from this taint of corruption. Go into our National capitol, and investigate the saloon question there, where the member can step from his seat in the House or the Senate chamber into the bar, and the bartender can tell the tipples that men drink, from the popular candidate for the Presidency down

to the Delegates from some new Territory. Consult statistical returns, and find that the sum of money that passes over the counters of liquor sellers for drams consumed on the spot, amounts to about \$900,000,000 annually,—this largely growing out of the fact that the vote is denied to women,—and it would seem apparent that the dullest female mind must be stirred to a sense of responsibility by such a showing. Then count the annual deaths from alcoholism. But this is only one aspect of the question. Interiority has been branded on women for ages. The means for mental discipline and physical culture have been largely withheld, and their wages have been conspicuously inferior to those of men, even for equal or better labor. This holds woman where she can seldom attain to pecuniary independence, but must be in some sense a dependent on men's bounty, and that, when the men who should have been the husbands and protectors are sleeping in graves far away, and the home was never built, the fire never lighted on the hearth, the children never born to become the joy and stay of their declining years.

"Then, when, through ill-paid labor and the want of motive for independent business, financial troubles come and the nameless temptations that degrade and defile, the natural desire for companionship becomes a strong ally in this ever-growing tendency to set aside the high claims of family life, for the merest counterfeit of conjugal relations.

"To me it seems that the woman's side of all human conditions, from the first simple compact of marriage, up to the combined interests of millions in one grand unity for common defence against foes within and without and for the general welfare, needs the tender, wise nurture of motherhood, just as truly as the ceaseless labors of fatherhood, that no care may be neglected, no duty forgotten or overlooked. It is on these broad grounds that I plead the right of equal suffrage for woman with man, and her obligation to insist on it, and, when obtained, to exercise it in the fear of God.

"I know the religious scruples that hinder many; but these will vanish before the clear light of the Gospel, interpreted by the deeds of Christ, and the clearer understanding of the words of Paul, so often turned as a key in a lock to hold us in restraint. Read the third chapter of Gallatians, and see where Paul places us. Remember we are Gentiles, and were never under the law: 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, there is

neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' Our government has fulfilled the two first conditions, and the third must yet surely follow. My dear friend, I wish I could do more for your present consolation, but your hope, and that of a multitude of others, must lie within the possibilities of constitutional prohibition, righteously enforced. When for a few generations this destroyer shall have been banished from the earth, we may hope that the temptations of appetite will have passed away.

"God forgive the women who are not willing to aid in this regeneration of the morally enslaved, and who would rivet the chains of bondage rather than unloose them.

"By the sacred love of the mother for her children; by her need of a home that is inviolate; by that instinct that tramples on fear, that fights all obstacles however great, that cannot be sneered down nor laughed out of countenance, women who have in them any true nobility and true womanliness will yet press their way to the sacred throne of citizenship and cry out in the ears of pride and injustice and greed and power, 'I am an American citizen.'

"If in your personal struggles my husband and I can aid you or yours, you have only to intimate the direction, and we shall gladly come to your rescue.

"A letter just received from my old friend Mrs. Harlan, of Auburndell, informs me of the sudden death, from apoplexy, of your old Elder Turner; also that his oldest son is exceeding his father in his liberal patronage of the saloon, while the other sons are not far behind. The people of that community are making a brave struggle for local option, which some men declare will be the ruin of the town—a ruin in which good citizens will glory.

"And now, my dear friend, let me say that however dark our way may seem, we may be sure that with Right there is ultimate success. She may stand discrowned to-day, but in due succession she will come to her throne and rule through her generation. The day of redemption came to the enslaved, and now it seems to me that we may lift up our heads and declare, '*This is woman's hour.*'

"Your ever devoted friend,

"ANNETTE WILSON LANGDON."

“ROCKLAND, Oct. 20th, 1881

“*My Dear Old Chum:*

“I hope in your advancement in the world you have not grown too proud to think of the friends you knew in humbler days. They tell me that you are a genuine success; but for my part I can't make it out. I was a better looking man and had a better voice than you, and I was immensely popular for years. Then my wife was a beauty, and she knew a woman's place, and loved me even to the ground I walked on. But now all is changed. She who used to be only a clinging vine has turned out after all I said to be an oak, and she is really worse than your wife used to be during the war. She goes on the platform without a blush, and talks the strangest nonsense you ever heard, and people listen to her as though it was something wonderful. But you know it is a shame for a woman to speak in public, and I try to keep her at home and make her attend to her duties as a wife and mother, but to no purpose. She says that as she has to earn the living for ten people she ought to have her own way about it, and I find it hard to control her—though you know I ought to and she ought to obey. You see I am feeble, and, as you will observe, my hand shakes so I can hardly write. She objects to my buying patent medicine enough to keep me comfortable on account of expense, and yet, when I threatened to put the three oldest boys in the factory, so they could earn something, she said: ‘No, Horace, they shall have a chance to make something of themselves, even if I work my fingers to the bone,’ and she has well nigh done it. The two oldest are in college, and the third, the Angel, as his Aunt Lilly calls him, is to go to a school of technology as soon as he can be spared. These foolish women stinge, and screw, and scrape, and as I say to my wife, *screech* to pamper those great lubberly boys who ought to be working for the support of their invalid father. I must say they are good boys, and splendid looking to boot, and they stand A No. 1 in all their classes. You see Phillippia and Lilly have had them study at home every spare minute.

“These women seem only to think of the children. And my lovely Nelly, who is just as beautiful as her mother, is studying music with her Aunt Lilly, and I'll warrant there will be a conspiracy to send her to the conservatory in Boston next year. Goodness only knows where all the money for this extravagance comes from, but you may be sure my allowance is short enough.

I do not like to complain to you, but I do think such women as your wife have done us poor husbands a world of injustice, especially by insisting on women's voting. Here in Vermont the women can vote in school matters, and Lilly and Phillipia got all the women to turn out and choose a new school board. They said the other had not paid enough attention to the manners and habits of teachers. One winter the master chewed and smoked, and the next he drank hard cider once in a while, and these foolish women helped elect a *teetotaler*, and he got in a teacher that believes in introducing Physiology and Hygiene and Temperance into schools and training up a lot of prigs that would die before they would drink a glass of liquor. In fact, when one of my boys was sick and I proposed some French brandy, Phillipia said, 'No, Horace, I would be happy in his death in preference to having him learn to drink'

"We had trouble enough with the Good Templars and the Sons, all teaching Cushing's Manual till the women could preside at a meeting as well as the vice-president himself, but the W. C. T. U. takes the lead in all modern folly. While I write my wife is off lecturing for this crazy organization. I shouldn't mind it so much if they half paid their lecturers, though with her newspaper scribblings she manages to make a living for us.

"Once she actually took her baby, six months old, and went to Boston to see if she couldn't get a chance to write for some of the papers, and the joke of it was, that after hanging around for a week, boarding at some woman's home, she found a chance to write and get seventy-five dollars a month. I never saw a dollar of that money, only as it was doled out to me in clothes and daily rations. That is bringing us about where the women used to be, only if I had a chance to spend some of this money I could save out of it enough to be able to throw a half dime into the missionary box—or somewhere else. It comes pretty hard on a man to be held in leading strings, but I have good hopes in the time to come. The National Brewer's Association are up and doing. I see that they have passed a good, wholesome resolution to this effect: '*Resolved*, That we oppose always and everywhere the ballot in the hands of women; for woman's vote is the last hope in the hands of the Prohibitionists.' You see, men have the power and they will not be such fools, unless it should be some miserable fanatics like you, as to give it to women who will not know any better than to beggar the country by cutting its

main artery of traffic. But I am cautious of expressing these opinions openly.

"Only the other day I heard Phillipia repeating some nonsense about Home Protection. I think it was this: 'Set over against the appetite of the drinker and the avarice of the saloon-keeper, the undying mother love of the home.' I suppose you will see some meaning to it, but I call it mere jargon.

"Your old chum,

"HORACE WALWORTH."

CHAPTER XXVI.

This poor maudlin letter of Horace Walworth's but feebly indicates the struggle of his brave wife to hold herself and family to the better condition to which she and they of right belonged. The home had been secured to Lilly, and she with true sisterly unselfishness shared all with her sister's family, never even hinting that her own comfort was too little considered.

The children were all interesting, which was fortunate, for it is easier to love and care for the lovely than the unlovely. Their bright, curling hair, their delicate complexions, their graceful forms, were such sources of pride to the lonely-hearted aunt that her care of them was a delight, even while it was sometimes a weariness. She, by her very feebleness, developed in them the tenderest consideration, and the boys early learned to look after the many little matters their self-indulgent father in his best days overlooked. Aunt Lilly and mother must never draw a pail of water or lift a stick of wood. All the household cares that they could lighten they insisted on doing, and their merry ringing laugh filled the old home with cheerfulness.

The mother was more firm and vigilant than she would have been under more fortunate circumstances, but she was never fretful or impatient. Obedience to her slightest wish became a law as soon as they were old enough to comprehend a command and the reason for it, which she always gave when it could be understood.

As to the poor father, he was regarded as a confirmed invalid, which his early whitening hair and his trembling hands and tottering gait before he was more than fifty years of age fully confirmed. They were taught to treat him with tenderness and reverence, but they early read the pitiful weakness of his nature, and silently accepted his utter uselessness and want of authority.

During the years that followed her full recognition of her husband's hopeless condition, Phillipia often found herself in pitiful straits to keep her family in comfort. She sat up till past midnight washing and ironing and mending the single suit of clothes that each child possessed, so that they should not seem untidy and shabby at school. They must not suffer want of self-respect from such causes.

As little openings came for lectures she would carefully provide against any unusual labor for her sister by her own extra efforts, and when she came home her best garments were at once laid aside, and her hands were busy with the heaviest cares of the household.

Often when preparing a lecture or an essay, Lilly read up authorities while Phillipia's hands were busy at the washtub or the ironing-board, and this intellectual life made her forget the drudgery of labor. Her finest and most helpful thoughts were often mentally arranged while her hands were busy with the hardest labors. Gradually her mind became more perfectly disciplined, and orderly thoughts sprang readily to her lips or found expression on paper. Her too meager early discipline was now supplemented by purposeful study that her sister shared, so that the elder boys might be helped at home in their education.

Sometimes she tried to interest her husband in teaching them Latin and Greek, but he had no desire to return to those studies. He used to reply, he had put away childish things. But she had the books, and with a little aid from her pastor or the young doctor who had just come fresh from the University, she got them well under way.

But the world was not standing idle, especially the woman's world. The example of Oberlin had been widely followed. The liberal education of women had become an assured fact, not only in America, but in England. The Blue Stocking and the strong minded woman were no longer the scarecrows with which to frighten young girls into smothering at birth all intellectual aspirations. The mind and soul of womanhood were getting leave to expand.

Then came a thought to some grand women to hold a Woman's Congress, to discuss great questions. Some sneered, but those who witnessed its inauguration saw in it much hope for the future. The subjects proposed for discussion, the manner of treatment, the clear understanding of principles, astonished many who had looked down with patronizing toleration upon the mental inferiority of the "weaker sex." These women had minds, and these minds had received a good degree of discipline which told upon character just as thoroughly as upon the characters of men.

Now, ante-dating this, had been the claim made for the equal rights of women, under a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people," and in the midst of the grand demonstration at Cleveland, when the American Woman's Suffrage Association was formed, had come a message from the far distant Territory of Wyoming that the women there had been enfranchised.

Thus, as in the anti-slavery cause, the hand of Providence had moved in regular sequence over the dial of time. Probabilities were demonstrated.

Education had proved the full humanity of the negro, so it had also proved the full humanity of woman, and God calls for our best.

Following this development of the colored man had come the call to show his interest in the rights of himself and family by standing shoulder to shoulder with white men for the sal-

vation of the government. Then came the day when it was found necessary that the whole government should afford the fullest guaranties for civil rights. This was accorded, and the negro walked forth unshackled in all the dignity of American citizenship.

Through all the period of war and attempted disunion, the loyal women of the North had stood faithfully by the government, showing an intellectual fitness and a capacity for strategic military movements not inferior to the stronger sex, while in sweet charity and unselfish devotion they surely equalled if they did not surpass their brothers. But they were told they had no need of any part in the government, and had shown no interest in public affairs, and hence it would be unwise to suffer them to enjoy the rights of citizens. Now, while some have meekly accepted this, and are even now busy riveting manacles for their own wrists and putting them on their daughters as ornaments for the admiration of men, all are not so ready to accept this pretty patronage.

The Woman's Crusade that sprang up at the cry of agonized womanhood conscious that help must come from God, since vain was the help of man, led the way to the formation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has by sure advances reached the central thought, that woman having an undying soul, has also infinite responsibilities that she cannot lay down but at the peril of immortal interests.

To her belongs in no small measure the ordering of the household and the moral education of her children. And this responsibility must crystalize into law, and that law must extend, not only through the narrow limits of home and family, but it must become part and parcel of the state. The home, the vital point must be protected.

This has led the hundred thousand women banded together in this mighty warfare with the giant crime of to-day to openly demand the ballot, that they may protect their offspring from

the snares that are laid for unwary feet, and purge the state of its crime of sanctioning by license the traffic that destroys soul and body.

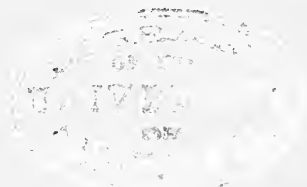
Some have foolishly said that the believers in woman's suffrage seek to cloak themselves under the mantle of temperance, but they forget that the whole is greater than any one of its parts. Suffrage means equality before the law, i. e., justice and equity in all relations that may come under the regulation of law.

It does not seek to make a woman masculine, nor a man feminine. It seeks only the perfection of each, and the true conjugal relations of the man and woman in all the varied departments of life, like the right hand and the left, like the right heart and its complement, both moved to their several offices by one great impulse.

Thanks to the growth of these thoughts, it has become possible for Phillipia and her sons, two of them now grown to noble manhood, to find work for hand and brain as teachers and lecturers and writers, so that "no want comes nigh their dwelling," and with a multitude greater than any man knows to push forward the movement for the true enfranchisement of woman, soon to become a fact in the history of the human race, to be accomplished

"As the energy sublime,

Of a century, bursts full blossomed on the thorny stem of time."



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